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MOTHER.

[The following beautiful lines are pencilled in one of the books belonging to the library of the Provincial Penitentiary at Kingston, C. W.—supposed to have been written by a convict. We do not believe that they have before appeared in print.—ED. CLIP.]

I have wandered far away, mother;
Far from my happy home,
And left the land that gave me birth,
In other climes to roam:
And Time since then has rolled his years
And marked them on my brow,
Yet still I think of thee, mother—
I'm thinking of thee now.

When by thy gentle side, mother,
You watched my dawning youth,
And kissed me in your pride, mother,
Taught me the word of Truth,
Then brightly was my soul lit up
With thoughts of future joy,
Whilst your bright fancy garlands wove
To deck thy darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother,
When, with such anxious care,
You lifted up your heart to Heaven—
Your hope, your trust, was there.
Fond memory brings the parting glance,
Whilst tears rolled down my cheek,
The last, long, loving look told more
Than even words could speak.

I'm lonely and forsaken, mother;
No friend is near me now
To sooth me with a tender word,
Or cool my burning brow;
The dearest ties affection wove
Are all now torn from me;
They left me when my troubles came—
They did not love like thee.

I would not have thee know, mother,
How brightest hopes decay;
The tempter, with his painful cup,
Has dashed them all away;
And shame has left its venom sting
To rack with anguish wild,
Yet still I would not have thee know
The sorrows of thy child.

I know you would not chide, mother—
You would not give me blame—
But soothe me with a tender word,
And bid me hope again.
I'm lonely and forsaken now,
Unpitied and unblest;
Yet still I would not have thee know
How sorely I'm distressed.

I've wandered far away, mother,
Since I deserted thee,
And left thy trusting heart to break,
Beyond the deep blue sea.
Yet, mother, still I love thee well!—
I long to hear thee speak,
And feel again that balmy breath
Upon my careworn cheek.

But ah! there is a thought, mother,
Pervades my beating breast—
That thy freed spirit may have flown
To its eternal rest;
And as I wipe the tear away,
There whispers in my ear
A voice that speaks of Heaven, mother,
And bids me seek thee there.

GWENDA;

OR,

THE DOUBLE BONDAGE.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

O gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful brand.

"Bernard, it is so strange—surely it must be wrong. I can scarcely dare to go through it," said Gwenda shrinkingly, as Lord Cranmore stood anxiously at her side in the large shaded parlor of a Paris hotel, with its trained shrubs and tall surrounding walls.

The young pair had strolled out after breakfast, while the servant had retired to make all necessary preparations for what was to be the great event of the day. And the shrinking, timid attitude of the one, and the eager, proud triumph of the other of the two, might easily enlighten even a casual observer as to the subject of their conversation.

"My darling, be reasonable; consider all the circumstances of the case, the motives for the whole proceeding, and you surely cannot hesitate," rejoined Bernard.

"Why? how? for what?" she exclaimed impetuously. "We are to violate conventional law and custom, to infringe the delicacy of my sex, and to have the continual memory of the miserable proceeding all our lives long."

"Nonsense, Gwenda, nonsense," he said impatiently, for his forbearance was nearly exhausted. "Surely the Marquis and Marchioness are better judges than you or I of what is right; and if they give their full and hearty sanction, what more can you wish? You will have parents at last, my love, and me for the relationships of brother, lover, husband all in one. Can you hesitate? can you fear, my own love?" he went on, drawing her to him and pressing a soft kiss on her lips.

It was tempting indeed. A few words, another brief hour, and her fate would be sealed. She would be Lady Cranmore, the elect Marchioness of Brunton, the wife of him she loved, without fear or power of change. And yet she trembled. A cold chill ran through her veins, a presentiment of evil that was as unaccountable as the dread of a young and enthusiastic girl of so tempting a prospect. Was it an omen for her good, or a nervous and weak, if maiden, terror of what awaited her?

But there was little time now. She was to join the Marquis and Marchioness, Lord Cranmore and Maud in half an hour from then, and she felt a need, a longing to commit her future to Heaven's guidance and protection, which had but too seldom haunted her in her past life of girlish happiness. So she quietly withdrew from her lover's arms and sought her chamber, with the trembling step and beating heart that the strangeness of the impending bridal might well have caused in a maiden not yet seventeen.

It was a brief but fervent prayer that she offered up, and when it was at last disturbed by a peremptory summons there was at least the calming influence that such an appeal to the Omnipotent spreads over the breast of a true worshiper.

She walked from the apartment with a calmer and firmer mien than could have been believed possible in the young, agitated breast. She looked lovely indeed in her simple robe of thick white cashmere, falling in soft folds round her graceful form. Her hair was gathered up in rich, massive curls, and a diamond and opal pin fastened its heavy braids. All was so unpretending, so maidenly, yet so bridelike, that had she studied to the very uttermost she could not have arranged her whole demeanor one shade more befitting the part she was to play.

She entered the apartment where the marriage ceremony was to take place, so noiselessly that only the quick senses of the bridegroom-elect could detect her advent. But he sprang forward to lead her to the spot where his parents sat in agitated expectation. Lord Brunton gravely kissed his daughter-elect with evident satisfaction, though his face was unusually pale, and Gwenda fancied that the hand which held hers for a moment had an icy coldness unnatural in that atmosphere. Then the Marchioness lightly touched her brow. Lady Maud placed herself near the altar that had been improvised. A clergyman, in full canonicals, who might have been mistaken for a Roman priest, stood behind the suppositious rail with a large prayer-book in his hand.

He had scarcely the dignified air of an English clergyman whom nothing would induce to outstep the strict orthodox rules; but still he had sufficient breeding and presence to fill well and creditably his part. And his voice, as he began the ceremony, was as sonorous, distinct and impressive as could be desired by the most exacting of critics. The solemn words were more than once the signal for Gwenda's heart beat thick and fast as each moment brought nearer the crisis which would decide beyond drawback her future fate, and bring on her tongue the irrevocable vows. The moment came at last. The solemn promises had to be pronounced, and low but distinctly Gwenda Loraine spoke her promise to love, honor and obey Bernard, as Lord Cranmore was to be a true and faithful wife till death should them part. Then the clergyman turned to the Marquis with the usual question:

"Who gives this woman to be married to this man?"

The Marquis bowed his head in assent. His lips appeared to move, but no sound reached even his own tongue. Then he feebly extended his hand and took the young bride's in his grasp. But Gwenda could hardly suppress a cry of horror at the touch. It was so cold, so feeble, so unnatural, that it sent a chill to her very heart. Perhaps her irresistible though scarcely uttered exclamation attracted attention to Lord Brunton's ashen looks. For the clergyman stopped his continuation of the service, and held the ring which he was about to hand to Lord Cranmore to place on the bride's finger. The pause was but for a moment. The next moment Lord Branton staggered, and fell senseless on the chair from which he had but lately risen. And to the more experienced eyes of the clergyman it was soon apparent that the attack was no ordinary swoon, no passing malady. There was the pallor of death on the features, the powerless ridgity of death in the limbs, as they hastily bore him to a couch.

Lady Brunton waited in helpless agony as she knelt by the sofa on which her husband was laid—herself wellnigh as unconscious of what was passing as the sufferer himself. And Bernard even stood appalled and stunned at the sudden horror of the catastrophe. Death in the midst of his bridal vows, with the fair and loved one at his side, and all but made his own, was indeed a terrible and bewildering event that might excuse such a paralyzed helplessness even in the stoniest and most manly heart.

But Lady Maud alone preserved her self-possession and firmness in that awful catastrophe. She walked to the bell, and rang it with a violent energy that quickly brought a reply to the summons. And then her orders were given distinctly and calmly, though her voice was low and unnatural:

"Send for the nearest doctor, bring brandy and vinegar, and send Manette," she said to the servant who appeared.

Meanwhile she loosened the dress and chafed the cold hands, and held strong salts to the insensible nose with eager and skilful rapidity. But in vain. No trace of revival, not even the quiver of an eyelid rewarded her care. The features and the limbs only increased in their rigid helplessness as minutes went on. And when the doctor arrived and examined the sufferer, it needed scarcely his sad shaking of the head and measured words to convey the awful truth.

Lord Brunton was dead, his wife a widow, his daughter fatherless and Gwenda Loraine only a half-wedded bride.

CHAPTER XXXV.

See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading in the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
On all your line the sudden vengeance waits
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
Thus, unlamented, pass the proud away.

"Laura—my dearest!—Laura, will you not speak to me? Will you not at least say that you trust me, and that in future years you will bestow on me the tender memories that are given to the dearest?"

Lord Saville's voice was tender and subdued as the tones of one speaking in the very chamber of death. No passionate love, no impetuous pleading, was in its accents, as he addressed the veiled, silent woman, who sat, or rather reclined heavily, in the corner of the carriage where they were placed.

It was some half-hour or more since they had left Rouen. And Laura had only answered by monosyllables to the remarks he had more than once hazarded during that time. Could he have offended her, or was there any secret espionage of which he had no idea, which was daunting her spirit?

At last he was not able longer to endure the strange, mysterious silence she preserved. There would be but this one opportunity of pouring out his last vows—his prayers for pardon that he should have so injured her happiness. His heart was very full—aye, and to do him but fair justice, there was at once remorse and noble desires in this momentous crisis of his life.

Maud should not complain of any want of kindly sympathy or care at his hands when once she had a right to such protection and such oversight of her happiness. And yet to the absent Laura he would give the poor meed of memory and of prayer and love, when in the solitude of his freer moments. Now his feelings at last vented themselves in the earnest appeal to that strange, silent woman:

"Laura, only one brief word—yes, or no. I will not torment you more," he said, taking her hand as if to force her attention.

"Yes, yes; only I am so sleepy, weary," she said faintly. "Heaven bless you, Sholto; you are too good—yes, so good—to poor Laura."

And her voice died languidly away in a kind of sleepy utterance, which might have been from a drowsy child. The very accent was so infantile, the words so simple, that Lord Saville could scarcely recognize them as those of his proud, passionate Countess. Then she seemed to sink in a deep and helpless slumber. Her head drooped on the cushions, the veil was more thickly drawn over her features, and though no sound came after the first few minutes to denote sleep, yet there could be no doubt of the profound oblivion of all objects in which she was plunged.

"She silent and sweetly she sleeps," he said to himself. "My own beloved, my stately one, to think of her yielding in such child-like sweetness to my prayers. Poor girl, poor Maud. Can she ever compete with such a peerless one in my soul? But it is her own choice. She is mercenary and cold and proud. She must abide by the consequences of her own decision."

And he too abandoned himself to a dream of the past and future that was almost as absorbing as the sleep of his companion. The stations through which they passed were not heeded by him, save from the fear that the noise might alarm Laura from a refreshing sleep. And at last came the final rolling into Havre, where they were to, at last, part forever.

"Yes, forever," he murmured to himself, as the train slackened, and still that mysterious stillness continued.

The train stopped with the unearthly noises only known on French and Belgian railways. The porters rushed to open the doors with the Babel-like cries and confusion that are so unlike the silent, methodical proceedings of the taciturn Saxon race. Still Laura moved not, spoke not.

"Good Heaven! she has fainted, it cannot be sleep!" he exclaimed, as he pulled the veil and the wraps that enfolded the face and figure of the Countess aside.

The face was indeed white and rigid as that of a corpse, and Lord Saville uttered a cry of agony at the sight of the unconscious Laura.

"Good Heaven, have I killed her?" he cried, in a low wail of anguish.

"Is my lady ready?" asked a voice that was but too familiar to him.

It was that of Meriton the page. Lord Saville did not reply. He was utterly paralyzed by the shock of Laura's sudden illness.

"The Countess has fainted!" he gasped at length, when Meriton repeated the question. "Get help."

At the moment some of the railway officials appeared on the spot, to tender their services to milor."

The page pointed to the insensible form of his mistress, and then gave a significant glance to Lord Saville.

"The Countess is very ill. 'Milor' has traveled with her, and does not seem to understand the cause," he said. "Fetch help; we will take her to the room till a doctor can be procured. My lord, you will come?" he added, turning to Sholto.

"Milor must come," remarked the station-master, who now approached. "It is a very remarkable case. And, ma foi! what an odor in the carriage and about poor madame!"

It was only too true. The circumstance seemed to have escaped the notice of the officials or of Lord Saville till now. But there could be no mistake that a very peculiar smell pervaded the carriage, and also the passengers who had sat in it. Perhaps the fresh air had, in a manner, dissipated it till now that the train was in a more confined atmosphere. And ominous looks were exchanged between the men and Meriton as they followed those who bore the form of the Countess to the waiting-room, where she was laid on a sofa till medical help could be procured.

Lord Saville was too much engrossed to observe the pertinacity with which his footsteps were dogged. Nor perhaps would the cause by the wildest imagining have suggested itself to his mind. He stood near Laura's couch, fixed, agonized, rigid, only restrained from the outpouring of his grief by the crowd of strangers who stood near and watching his every look and word.

"Here is a doctor—there was happily one who is going off by the vessel, but will have a little time to attend to madame," exclaimed the messenger who had been dispatched for a physician, and the little throng retired at his approach to give him place and opportunity to examine his patient.

Only Lord Saville and the maid remained in the room. But as the page, who was the last to vacate the saloon, closed the door behind him, he turned the key in the lock, and stood outside, flanked by a curious and excited throng. It was a terrible moment when the doctor took Laura's hand in his, and placed his fingers on the wrist, and bent down to listen to the heart, and touch the cold lips and brow. He did not speak, but Sholto scarcely needed words to tell all that the terrible truth.

"Are you the lady's husband?" asked the doctor, at length.

Lord Saville shook his head.

"Her brother, perhaps?"

"No—only a friend," he said chokingly. "I am the Earl of Saville, an English peer; this lady is the Countess de Fontane."

"A widow?" again inquired M. de Merville.

"No—certainly not!" answered Sholto impatiently. "Is she—very—ill?" he asked, in a louder tone. "Why will you delay?"

"Because delay is harmless," was the cold, and as the young Earl thought, reproving reply; "the unfortunate lady is dead."

"Dead!"

Lord Saville had known it. He could not have imagined aught else from the doctor's manner—aye, from Laura's own aspect. Yet it was like a dagger-thrust, and he gave a sharp cry of pain that sounded even to the anxious expectants outside.

"What—how did she die?" he said, in a hard, unnatural voice.

"My Lord, it is not for me to pronounce at all, but I believe she has been poisoned—aye, and not at any distant moment!" returned M. de Merville. "Were you with her in the carriage, and alone, may I inquire?"

"I—yes—certainly," replied Sholto, utterly unprepared for the question, and not even realizing its purport.

"From whence, may I ask?"

"From Rouen," he said again.

"Hum! two hours' journey at the least. I am grieved to say, my lord, that it is an extremely mysterious case. Should my suspicions in any way prove to be correct, I fear that it will be my plain duty to have you detained till the necessary examinations have been made on the poor lady's body."

Sholto simply stared at the physician in utter and petrified astonishment.

"I!" he said, "detained! Do you suppose I would leave her till she is under care as watchful! Man, she is not dead, I tell you," he went on hastily. "It is a hideous dream! Have you no skill, no power?" he cried frantically. "Are you a dolt, to give her up thus?" and he hastily pushed him from the side of the couch of the Countess, and was about to take her cold hand in his own, and to bend himself over her inanimate form.

But M. de Merville sternly arrested him.

"Stop, my lord," he said decidedly, "you will be so good as not to indulge in any of these frantic outbursts till we have some better proof of the real cause of this extraordinary catastrophe."

The Viscount shook off his grasp impatiently.

"I do not understand you, sir," he exclaimed, "you were called in as a physician—not to take any part in after arrangements for the Countess' friends. Those I will take on myself, till her husband can be summoned."

"Excuse me, my lord, I do not know what are the customs of your country," returned the doctor coolly. "But in France we detain any suspected person until his innocence is proved. And as this is so extremely peculiar a case, I must decidedly enforce your detention till the cause of the lady's death is fully ascertained, and inquiry made as to every circumstance attending it," he went on, while the Viscount literally stared at him as if he thought the scene must be a hideous dream, or else the words of the physician must be a madman's ravings.

But as M. de Merville moved to the bell and rang it with no small violence, as if to summon assistance in securing his companion's submission, the truth and reality of the hideous thread flashed unmistakably upon him. He turned his flashing eyes on the daring offender with mingled rage and scorn.

"Are you mad, or worse," he said, "that you dare to insult an English nobleman thus? Fool, as if I could commit so fearful a crime in any case—but for her, oh, I would have rather died than hastened her death one day—one hour."

The doctor nodded slightly.

"My lord, my lord, if you take my advice you will not commit yourself at present," he said. "Nothing you can say will be of the least avail to prevent the necessary detention and examination of yourself and others. Better endure it calmly. If you are innocent, it is a mere temporary hardship; if guilty, I need scarcely warn you of the alternative."

And as he spoke he walked hastily to the door of the apartment, of which the key at the moment was again turned in the lock, and the door opened to admit Meriton and two individuals whom he at once recognized by their dress to belong to the French police. A shiver ran through his frame as the men advanced to him, though his manner was respectful and even deferentially apologetic.

"You must excuse me in a disagreeable duty, my lord," one said. "No doubt it is quite unnecessary, but still it will save much trouble afterwards. Your lordship will, we trust, not object to being searched—or at least to permit us to examine, in your presence, your dress and luggage."

Lord Saville was perhaps fortunate in one respect, that the two powerful and contending emotions by which he was, so to speak, torn, seemed in a measure to neutralize and deaden each other. The agonizing sorrow for Laura's sudden and cruel death was suspended for the instant in the horror of his own position. Not that he could for a moment imagine it was possible he could be believed guilty, even for a day. Of course the ceremony of which they spoke was but a farce—a formality. Yet it had a degradation in it, and the very idea of such an imputation had a terrible horror and disgrace for one so high-born and distinguished.

"If it must be, of course it is useless to resist; but you will be good enough to remember I do it under protest," he returned haughtily; "and if you exceed your duty you will decidedly be punished accordingly. Do you still persist?" he went on earnestly.

"We have no alternative, my lord," they said coolly; and the next instant the ceremony began.

First the loose coat that Lord Saville had worn, but which he had thrown off in the first excitement of the moment, was examined. Then the gray surtout, which was his dress usually in traveling, or in the less formal expeditions while en route, was subjected to examination close and severe. And at length a small kind of silver case, like a lady's vinaigrette, was discovered in its recesses. It was opened, and at once an odor pervaded the room which made the men exchange glances, and their whole manner to change. It was the same sickening and suspicious smell that had overspread the carriage which the Countess and her companion had occupied. And even now it pervaded the dress and lips of the unhappy deceased when closely examined by acute senses.

M. de Morville examined it with a stern, frowning aspect, and a glance of contemptuous disgust at the young nobleman, who was awaiting the ordeal with a forced and stony composure.

"My lord," he said, "you are not bound to criminate yourself, and I do not expect any confession at your hands. But I presume it is necessary to explain to you that this poison which you have been conveying on your person is of the most deadly and subtle character, and how you can have obtained it is a marvel to me. Indeed, I consider the difficulty of procuring such a deadly agent is no great proof that you must have taken some most wonderful means for that object, thus adding to the suspicions and turpitude of your crime," he went on, severely.

"There can be no doubt, now, as to the retaining of Monsieur le Comte," observed one of the gendarmes. "We will just finish looking over his clothes, and then march him off to the office."

"It is false, utterly false. I swear it in any oath that you can dictate," exclaimed Sholto impetuously.

"Better be silent—better keep your defense. It is far safer," returned the officer coolly. "The only thing we can do is to conduct you without any exposure, if you are willing to submit quietly. It may seem only as if you were going to give evidence," he continued, with a nod.

"And the Countess—the body—who will watch that?" exclaimed Lord Saville, shrinking back from the contact with those sneering officials, though he saw at once that a temporary detention was inevitable.

"Oh, leave that to Monsieur de Merville, and to the domestics," said the gendarme scornfully. "They are rather safer than you, my lord, we should say. Only of course the lady's husband will be communicated with at once. Sholto was silent. He felt that any further altercation was degrading under the circumstances, and he stood in sullen silence while the rest of his apparel was examined, though without any further apparent result.

Then the baggage was placed under surveillance, and he himself accompanied his enforced companions from the railway station—a prisoner under suspicion of murder!

CHAPTER XXXVI.

What groan was that I heard, deep groan indeed,
With anguish heavy laden? Let me trace it.
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabored, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. Now his great heart
Beats thick, his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs fair play.

It was a fearful scene when the terrible truth was known, in that stunning bereavement of the father and the husband, amidst the bridal ceremony of Gwenda Loraine and the heir of the Dorringtons.

For a moment the bewildering suddenness of the blow deprived it of its agony. Lady Brunton knelt by her husband's couch with tearless eyes and a pale, rigid face that had more incredulous terror than actual heart-rending sorrow in its features. Lady Maud stood calm and motionless for a few brief moments, gazing at her father's shrinking form with a whole world of woe in her lovely face. Then, with a sudden effort at self-control, she turned from that helpless indulgence of filial grief.

"A doctor, quick!" she exclaimed, turning to her brother with sudden sharpness. "Bernard, are you mad that you stand there when minutes may save life?"

The young Earl was, truth to tell, rather intent on his young bride than his dying parent. A thousand doubts and fears had rushed through his mind at the catastrophe. Was his happiness? Was not Gwenda his own—his wife? And if not, why had not that miserable visitation been delayed a few short moments longer? True, such ideas are heartless and selfish when put on paper. But it may fairly be doubted whether they were not too true to human nature in the painful realities of fallible life. Perhaps Maud's voice roused him from the doubts and fears not immediately connected with the bridal.

"It is useless, I fear?" he said. "There can be no doubt. Still, to satisfy you I am right, I will send for advice—alas! only to confirm what we already know."

Gwenda moved to Lady Maud's side with a timid caress.

"Darling Maud! Oh, if you did but know how I feel for you," she murmured.

"I dare say. Yes, I believe you; but it is no time for sentiment," returned Lady Maud, in the same hard tone. "Better help me than weep, Gwenda," she went on firmly.

The young heiress was repelled. She scarcely herself could tell why. But so it was. In that hour, when death should more closely have bound two whom a few more months would have made sisters, Lady Maud sought no support from Gwenda's sympathy or aid. And then the almost bride had rather a feeling of strange awe—of repugnance and estrangement than the soft sorrow of a sister and a daughter in such a bereavement.

But there was little leisure to distinguish all these niceties. A few more moments, and the physician was at the senseless sufferer's side, feeling his pulse, and bending anxiously over his pale face.

"My dear lady, my young lord, I am grieved that all is in vain. We cannot restore life. The spirit has fled, and, if I mistake not, it was but a question of a few weeks, or at most months," he went on. "There must have been serious disease for some time. Thank Heaven, it was a painless death."

It might be a cause for gratitude, and in after days the nearest and dearest of the deceased would acknowledge the boon; but not now, not yet.

Lady Brunton gazed at the doctor's grave and hopeless face with inquiring despair. Then, as if to test his truth, she stooped down to press her lips on the brow and cheeks of the deceased.

She could doubt no longer, and casting herself on Maud's shoulder, with a hysterical burst of weeping, she was led, wellnigh as helpless and unconscious as the departed one, from the apartment.

There was a brief silence after the door closed. The doctor whispered a few words to Lord Cranmore, whose purport might be guessed from the young man's next action. He took his affianced bride's hand in his and impelled her gently from the room.

"This is not for you, my beloved," he whispered, as they slowly took their way to the sitting-room which had been assigned to them in the hotel. "Calm yourself, dearest," he went on, as he felt her frame tremble like an ague chill. "It is a rude shock, but my precious one must support and console the bride of this fatal day. You had been really kind in truth my bride, my wife!" he continued, as they found themselves alone in the shelter of the apartment.

Gwenda looked sadly up at him as she gently disengaged herself from his embrace.

"O Bernard! if it should never be, what then?" she murmured.

"Never be? Then do you so distrust yourself? Are you willing to discard your tried and early lover?" he said reproachfully.

"No, no!" she exclaimed fervently. "O Bernard! you know me better than that; you can read my heart but too well. Only ——"

"Only what?" he said mournfully. "Because my poor father is taken from us, and our union broken, as it were, for a brief space, you speak as if some personal obstacle would arise, as if either you or I were to prove false."

She shook her head sadly.

"Not altogether. I did not quite mean that. There might be other reasons, dear Bernard."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, "impossible, my Gwenda. No one can come between us now—it is but with myself that it rests. And you cannot doubt what your Bernard will desire, and carry out, my own love," he went on kindly.

But Gwenda's face did not light up, as might have been expected, at the loving, assuring words.

"Perhaps," she said, "perhaps. I feel as if some evil would come, Bernard, between us. This is so terrible," and she shivered convulsively—"a death amidst our vows."

"Yes, vows that have been spoken, even though not made binding," he returned eagerly. "Ah, Gwenda, you cannot forget that the promises have been exchanged between us, and that only the ring is wanting to make you mine, in man's sight and in Heaven's."

"No, no, I cannot forget," she murmured, "never."

There was a silence for some moments. Then she suddenly looked up from her reverie in his face, with a half-pleading, half-resolute expression.

"Bernard, I must leave here. I must return home," she said firmly.

"Return? Yes, when we do," he replied, "we shall certainly take my poor father's corpse to our ancestral vaults. And you will surely remain that short time, and be a comfort to my poor mother and Maud?"

Gwenda shook her head.

"I doubt that I should be so, Bernard," she said sadly. "There are some indications when the heart turns to those who can console them. And neither Lady Brunton nor Maud evinced the slightest yearning for my sympathy in their grief," she added, with a slight accent of injured affection or pride, her lover could scarcely decide which.

"Gwenda, are you not exacting—jealous, to attach importance to what they did in such sudden grief?" he asked.

Gwenda flushed slightly, but the voice was firm and unwavering in which she replied:

"No, Bernard—I am not. If I had been in such agony I should have turned instinctively to you! From Laura's own aspect, I felt that you loved me, if she desired my presence, she would have unconsciously displayed it. They do not want me, Bernard," she went on; "let me go! Mrs. Fenton is sufficient chaperone—you can come for me to Fern Place, when you return, if I am wished for at the Hove."

The pang, perhaps, a sad impression in the young man's mind that his affianced bride was only too discerning as to the truth of his mother's feelings to her. He knew perfectly well that Lady Brunton's pride had been somewhat wounded by Gwenda's doubtful birth. He knew that the dowry she would bring had been expected to gild the bitter pill that this obscurity made so unpalatable to the proud Marchioness. Yet he neither would nor could allow such sudden desertion at so critical a moment on the part of the almost bride, to whom a few instants would have given a right to play the daughter's part.

"At least give me the chance of ascertaining my mother's feelings upon the subject," he said reproachfully. "It would scarcely be respectful to quit Lady Brunton's protection in so unceremonious a style. And Mrs. Fenton has not yet returned from her expedition to the coast. It was strange that my poor father was so determined she should be kept in ignorance of the marriage, Gwenda. He contrived to keep her out of the way by that dextrous mistake as to the luggage and trains," he went on, with a sad smile. "Alas, alas! he little guessed how futile all his kindly plans and efforts would prove."

And Bernard hid his face in his hands, and burst into a passion of tears. Gwenda could at least soothe her lover's filial grief, whatever might be the case with his mother and sister. And she whispered comfort with caresses, till at length the passion passed away, and he could feel that there was a bright future waiting for him and his lovely bride. But at the moment, a knock at the door and the consequent entrance of a servant with a summons from Lady Brunton to her son, awakened the newly-wedded pair from the brief sweetness of their dream. Bernard hastily obeyed the request. And Gwenda remained alone in proud and swelling grief.

"I am not one of them," she murmured proudly, "not of them in heart any more than in rank. Why should I endure slights and contempt when my wealth and my beauty, I am assured, would win me dozens of suitors at my feet? And yet—and yet I love him, and at least I shall have love and wealth and rank and all that woman can wish, were it a duke's daughter in the question. Well, well, I must endure to wait—endure to wait my time. I may perhaps have my triumph ere long."

And the haughty spirit of the girl flashed out in her glittering eyes, humid with mingled self-pity and with wounded pride.

Ah, Gwenda Loraine still needed discipline to bend the untrained nature in womanly humility and faith. Perhaps it would be more severe than her failings might seem to merit, but gold needs a hot fire for its refining from the weak dross.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Oh, for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a deadly blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!
May life's unblessed cup for him
Be drugged with treacheries to the brim!

Gwenda Loraine was mistaken in some at least of her wounded pique and vexation, though it was far too natural a belief in the reality of her lover's summons to his mother's presence for her to even guess, by the wildest imaginings, the truth.

Scarcely had the door fairly closed between him and the young heiress ere the domestic who had summoned him gave a mysterious beckoning to a room at the very end of the passage, and then, with a silent motion to enter the apartment, he waited for a brief moment till his young lord was fairly within the threshold, and then shut the door ere there was time for observation and retreat.

Lord Cranmore, or, as he must henceforth be called, the Marquis of Brunton, almost started back in surprise as he saw the figure who was waiting for him. It was certainly a lady, at any rate a female, who sat in thick traveling dress near the window, but not his mother nor Maud, to whom he was thus strangely introduced. And when she turned her head towards the door he perceived that it was Mrs. Fenton who thus awaited his coming. He wellnigh started back, however, as he saw the grave and pallid countenance she presented. Her finger was placed warningly on her lips, in token of silence, as he advanced into the room. And Bernard, already shaken by the sudden catastrophe that made him fatherless, really quivered under the apprehensions the singular manner of the woman excited.

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Fenton, what is the matter? Surely you must know that we are not in any state to be played with," he said sharply, when he was at last close to the grave, awe-stricken guardian of his bride.

"I know, I know, my lord, and it is yet more dreadful that I should have to add to your grief and trial," she returned. "But what can I do? Better that I should tell you the tale, and that you should break it to your poor sister, than that it should be revealed by strangers in abrupt unfeelingness."

"I know no better than that; you can read my heart but too well. Only ——"

"Only what?" he said mournfully. "Because my poor father is taken from us, and our union broken, as it were, for a brief space, you speak as if some personal obstacle would arise, as if either you or I were to prove false."

She shook her head sadly.

"Not altogether. I did not quite mean that. There might be other reasons, dear Bernard."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed, "impossible, my Gwenda. No one can come between us now—it is but with myself that it rests. And you cannot doubt what your Bernard will desire, and carry out, my own love," he went on kindly.

But Gwenda's face did not light up, as might have been expected, at the loving, assuring words.

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"No, no, I cannot forget," she murmured, "never."

There was a silence for some moments. Then she suddenly looked up from her reverie in his face, with a half-pleading, half-resolute expression.

"Bernard, I must leave here. I must return home," she said firmly.

"Return? Yes, when we do," he replied, "we shall certainly take my poor father's corpse to our ancestral vaults. And you will surely remain that short time, and be a comfort to my poor mother and Maud?"

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"Gwenda, are you not exacting—jealous, to attach importance to what they did in such sudden grief?" he asked.

Gwenda flushed slightly, but the voice was firm and unwavering in which she replied:

"No, Bernard—I am not. If I had been in such agony I should have turned instinctively to you! From Laura's own aspect, I felt that you loved me, if she desired my presence, she would have unconsciously displayed it. They do not want me, Bernard," she went on; "let me go! Mrs. Fenton is sufficient chaperone—you can come for me to Fern Place, when you return, if I am wished for at the Hove."

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; answers by mail.

W. S. J., Canada.—The side on which the gentleman should ride ought naturally to be that on which, in the event of any accident to his companion's horse, he could more readily render assistance. The question is almost as old as the country itself. The first discussion we can find in print occurs in "Adams on Horsemanship," a funny work of three volumes, published in London, Eng., in 1825. After reviewing the argument we have advanced, and really bringing no serious objection against it *per se*, he decides in favor of the right side, advancing as his chief reason that thus the gentleman interposes his horse between the lady and passing vehicles and riders, and the dust they raise and the mud they spatter—on the same principle as we in America, in promenading with a lady, place her on the side farthest from people walking in an opposite direction. As we pass to the right in walking, so we do in riding; and the same rule the English author advanced as to saddles more than a century ago. In this country the gentleman should ride on the left side, especially as but three objections can possibly be urged against his doing so, viz., the gentleman may occasionally "bob up" against the lady, which can scarcely hurt her, though it may tease; in an extreme case her flowing habit may be torn through catching in his spur, and that would be terribly annoying; and finally that riding habit may at times present some novelty or peculiarity that she would like the votaries of Fashion to see and admire, and in that case she might "wish her companion further"—than the near side. Perhaps it would be better to allow the lady to say whether she prefers to exhibit her dress, to have it mud-bespattered, or her neck broken. We have said enough to show you that we have not ventured upon a hasty decision, and that really the question is one of feminine vanity vs. feminine discretion.

F. H. S.—1. Is not the catcher obliged to touch the ball after each and every one of the three strikes that the striker makes at the ball without hitting it, either fair or foul? If the catcher fails to catch it after either of the strikes, is not the striker entitled to first base if he can reach it before the ball is held there? 2. Can a man be touched out in running to 1st base, or must the ball be held on the base before he is out? 3. If the ball be held on 2d or 3d base before he has legally touched the base, is the player out, or will he have to be touched with the ball while passing at a standing still? 4. Is No. 10 out if the ball is caught on the fly or bound the third time of striking, or if it be thrown in time to be held at first base before the striker reaches there, he is out. 5. Yes; he can be touched between the last base-runner has passed the base without touching it, then the mere holding of the ball on the base suffices; but otherwise he must be touched while off the base, unless in cases where he is forced from the preceding base.

BALTIMORE, Chowder.—Below is the recipe kindly furnished by Mr. George Cox, chowder party at Champbell's, Harlem Bridge: Take one-quarter of a pound of salt pork, very fat. Try it out in frying-pan, and pour in chowder-pot. Then add a half-can of tomatoes, a small bunch of parsley, a bunch of thyme, one quart of onions, one quart of potatoes, and one quart of solid clams (liquor can be added afterwards). All these must be chopped fine. Now add four pilot biscuits, broken up fine; two tablespoonfuls of salt, and one of black pepper. Just cover with water, and cook for two hours over a slow fire. These are the proportions for about a gallon, and they form a delicious palatable dish, which can be seasoned with catsup, etc., to suit individual taste.

W. H. SMITH, St. Lawrence Club, Kingston.—"A base runner runs on second base; the pitcher delivered the ball to the striker, who missed it; it passed the catcher, and one of the spectators picked the ball up and tossed it to the catcher; the umpire called the ball, and would not allow the base-runner to take his third base. Was the umpire right in calling the ball dead, or could a base be run on upon a ball? Question 2 of Rule 7 covers the above point, as follows: "Should the ball be willfully stopped by any outside person not engaged in the game, the ball shall be regarded as dead *until settled in the hands of the pitcher* while he is standing in his position, and players running bases shall be entitled to the bases they were running for."

FRAZIER, Washington.—The rule is quite plain. The National agreed to allow the seventh inning ceased at 14 to 7. They then went in and added two runs in the eighth inning. The Peabodys then began their eighth inning, and had scored seven runs with two hands out, when the umpire "called" the game. Now, inasmuch as the Peabodys had not "exceeded their adversaries' score in their uncompleted innings," the game when called at this stage of the contest should be decided by the score of the last even innings played, viz., 14 to 7 in favor of the Nationals. The last clause of the rule refers only to games ending with the score of the even innings tied and the unexpended inning in excess of the nine which has completed the first part of the inning.

WALDRON, N. J.—Philadelphia is 23 miles long, has an average width of 5¾ miles, and an area of 129⅝ square miles, or 82,700 acres. 2. New York, before the annexation of Westchester, was about 12 miles long, had average width of a mile and over 1¾ miles, and had an area of 22 square miles and 20,424 square yards. Have not the area of the annexed portion; but you can readily ascertain it from a Westchester County map. It extends from St. Vincent's Hospital, on the Hudson River, on the west, to a trifling distance beyond Woodlawn Cemetery on the north and east, the Bronx River and Spuyten Devil Creek and the Hudson River being the boundaries.

TURPENTINE NED, Savannah.—1. The first engine of that kind used in the present Fire Department of this city was introduced about twenty years ago. 2. Steering-gear effective; but this can, it is thought, be wholly overcome in future steamers. One introduced in Brooklyn a few days ago is said to render it satisfactory. 3. The six-cylinder in Marion street, old No. 9's house, and is there yet, we believe. 4. There were two in the old department, and both became one as No. 42's, where the Hope Chapel now stands the Park Hospital, and the other (the Stormes) at Exempt's, head of Howard street. Neither was a success, breaking-down was frequent, and both were abandoned shortly after they were introduced. They were heavy.

C. H., Rochester.—1. It is proper for a gentleman to place the engagement-ring upon his betrothed's finger. 2. Perhaps not in a sentimental point of view, but practically. 3. In England, where ladies ride on horseback more frequently than here, it is customary for the gentleman to keep his stirrup at the proper length for the lady when she is to mount. 4. It is proper for you to call; but if the lady is confined to her room it would be hardly proper for you to visit her there, except under imperative circumstances. 5. You would display better taste by not inviting the lady to your boarding-house. 6. See Col. Sanford's advertisement.

L. M. T.—According to a new interpretation of a treaty lately made between the United States and the German Empire, a naturalized citizen residing in Germany would lose his American citizenship after a lapse of two years. This interpretation, however, is not considered to be in accord with the spirit of said treaty, and the American citizen may remain in Germany for any number of years, provided he affirms that it is his intention to return to this country.

M. K. C., Cleveland.—1. Ephraim Ryan. 2. At Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, New York, June 2, 1851, acting Julia, a child, in "A Soldier's Daughter." 3. Born in New York. 4. Forty-four years of age. 5. As we do not the correct measurements of all the depots in the U. S., we cannot positively state which is the third in size. 6. The error occurred through inadvertence. In playing poker dice, sixes beat aces.

J. E. S., Haverstraw.—1. The late James Sylvester was killed while turning somersaults on a small trapeze. The trapeze to a rope some distance off. He went beyond the rope, and struck against one of the private boxes. No net was erected, as the law, all posters are required to be printed against being covered or defaced until the performances announced on them have taken place.

CLERK.—1. There was no official championship until the Professional Association established such a series of contests. Nominally, the "Reds" were champions in 1869. 2. Kelly was a first-class amateur catcher in his day. 3. We do not keep a list of players who have filled the position of pitcher, etc. The close of the season must determine those matters.

SPORT, Quincy.—1. No point takes precedence over another at cassino. 2. Fastest mile trot under saddle is Dexter's 2:18; in harness, Goldsmith Maid's, and also Occident's, in 2:16¾. 3. A baseball player can score all the bases on a passed ball. 4. The fastest 100 yards, running, was made by Geo. Seward; time, 9½sec. 5. The best standing jump is 13ft. 5¾in., by Edward Searles.

FIVE, Boston.—It is a question the umpire only can decide. He says: "Harry Wright touched the base before Hall was put out at third, and that ends the matter; the game, of course, counting 5 to 4." It is rare for the Judiciary Committee, as no game can be forfeited by the failure of the umpire to discharge his duties. Were it otherwise, there would be no end of disputes.

LAZARUS, Pittsburg.—If any player knocks before the widow is taken, the widow is then turned face up, and each player from him who knocks has but one draw. Should he draw the ace of hearts, he can pass to the dead; he then turns the widow, and all parties have the right to draw until someone is satisfied.

SUBSCRIPTION.—1. The Bostons won 39 games to the Athletics' 30, and each won 4 games from the other. In 1873 the Bostons won 43 games to 31 by the Athletics, the latter winning 5 out of the 9 games with the Bostons. In 1872 the Bostons beat the Bostons five out of nine in 1871 and '72, and but one—the Athletics—in 1873.

K. F., Philadelphia.—1. It is the same gentleman. 2. The engagement between the sisters; you have probably confounded them with the Waite Sisters, three in number, whose business is somewhat similar. 3. Their engagement had probably expired. 4. From $60 to $150 per week. 5. She has played many star engagements, and is married.

J. T. J., Cairo.—1. It is impossible for us to say; but it is what probably the reverend gentleman would advise to verify himself by "preaching one thing and practicing another." 2. Froude is a historian, and not an orator in any large sense, while oratory has been almost the lifelong pursuit of Father Burke.

C. AND C., Cleveland.—1. No; you cannot build to ten if your opponent has made it "seven." But possibly you mean "seven," in which case you can build to 10. 2. Certainly not. Were you to do that, your antagonist could claim the game. 3. A fish-hook is not dead unless out in play—a fish-hook held in the hand is not in play.

W. S. C., New Egypt.—"A and B go to the bat and are fielded out; C makes his base and steals around to third; D comes to the bat, and Rooney's ground ball to shortstop, and is fielded out at first base; and C, in running, crosses the home plate before D is fielded out at first. Does C's run count or not?" ..... It does not count.

HANK, Newark.—1. We cannot give you the exact date of Kitty's debut, but believe she first appeared at Tony Pastor's, in some form or other, years ago. This city—or rather New York—has traveled with circuses as clown. The last one he was with was Spalding & Rogers' Circus.

H. H., Wilford.—The Wide Awakes of the pony lost. "Going any way she could the easiest" did not mean that the pony should be pulled or the sulky pushed, any more than it meant that the pony should be carried around on a locomotive.

BASEBALL, Chicago.—1. Harry Wright. 2. On June 14, 1870, at Cincinnati, the Cincinnatis batted seven played, the Atlantics defeating the Red Stockings. It was their first defeat of the Reds since 1868. 3. Harry Wright organized the Reds in 1868.

J. F., Prescott.—1. The "show," and not what is called, wins at draw-poker. 2 One of the rules of poker, surprising to say, specially licenses lying, and a player can lie with impunity. This violation of ethics is all the more surprising because it is read into.

N. O. C., Louisville.—Clog-dancers receive from $25 per week upward, according to ability and reputation. They can get engagements for that specialty alone, but would command better terms if they could also dance straight and Irish jigs.

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CLERK.—1. There was no official championship until the Professional Association established such a series of contests. Nominally, the "Reds" were champions in 1869. 2. Kelly was a first-class amateur catcher in his day. 3. We do not keep a list of players who have filled the position of pitcher, etc. The close of the season must determine those matters.

FRAZIER, Washington.—The rule is quite plain. The National agreed to allow the seventh inning ceased at 14 to 7. They then went in and added two runs in the eighth inning. The Peabodys then began their eighth inning, and had scored seven runs with two hands out, when the umpire "called" the game. Now, inasmuch as the Peabodys had not "exceeded their adversaries' score in their uncompleted innings," the game when called at this stage of the contest should be decided by the score of the last even innings played, viz., 14 to 7 in favor of the Nationals. The last clause of the rule refers only to games ending with the score of the even innings tied and the unexpended inning in excess of the nine which has completed the first part of the inning.

WALDRON, N. J.—Philadelphia is 23 miles long, has an average width of 5¾ miles, and an area of 129⅝ square miles, or 82,700 acres. 2. New York, before the annexation of Westchester, was about 12 miles long, had average width of a mile and over 1¾ miles, and had an area of 22 square miles and 20,424 square yards. Have not the area of the annexed portion; but you can readily ascertain it from a Westchester County map. It extends from St. Vincent's Hospital, on the Hudson River, on the west, to a trifling distance beyond Woodlawn Cemetery on the north and east, the Bronx River and Spuyten Devil Creek and the Hudson River being the boundaries.

TURPENTINE NED, Savannah.—1. The first engine of that kind used in the present Fire Department of this city was introduced about twenty years ago. 2. Steering-gear effective; but this can, it is thought, be wholly overcome in future steamers. One introduced in Brooklyn a few days ago is said to render it satisfactory. 3. The six-cylinder in Marion street, old No. 9's house, and is there yet, we believe. 4. There were two in the old department, and both became one as No. 42's, where the Hope Chapel now stands the Park Hospital, and the other (the Stormes) at Exempt's, head of Howard street. Neither was a success, breaking-down was frequent, and both were abandoned shortly after they were introduced. They were heavy.

C. H., Rochester.—1. It is proper for a gentleman to place the engagement-ring upon his betrothed's finger. 2. Perhaps not in a sentimental point of view, but practically. 3. In England, where ladies ride on horseback more frequently than here, it is customary for the gentleman to keep his stirrup at the proper length for the lady when she is to mount. 4. It is proper for you to call; but if the lady is confined to her room it would be hardly proper for you to visit her there, except under imperative circumstances. 5. You would display better taste by not inviting the lady to your boarding-house. 6. See Col. Sanford's advertisement.

L. M. T.—According to a new interpretation of a treaty lately made between the United States and the German Empire, a naturalized citizen residing in Germany would lose his American citizenship after a lapse of two years. This interpretation, however, is not considered to be in accord with the spirit of said treaty, and the American citizen may remain in Germany for any number of years, provided he affirms that it is his intention to return to this country.

M. K. C., Cleveland.—1. Ephraim Ryan. 2. At Burton's Chambers-street Theatre, New York, June 2, 1851, acting Julia, a child, in "A Soldier's Daughter." 3. Born in New York. 4. Forty-four years of age. 5. As we do not the correct measurements of all the depots in the U. S., we cannot positively state which is the third in size. 6. The error occurred through inadvertence. In playing poker dice, sixes beat aces.

J. E. S., Haverstraw.—1. The late James Sylvester was killed while turning somersaults on a small trapeze. The trapeze to a rope some distance off. He went beyond the rope, and struck against one of the private boxes. No net was erected, as the law, all posters are required to be printed against being covered or defaced until the performances announced on them have taken place.

CLERK.—1. There was no official championship until the Professional Association established such a series of contests. Nominally, the "Reds" were champions in 1869. 2. Kelly was a first-class amateur catcher in his day. 3. We do not keep a list of players who have filled the position of pitcher, etc. The close of the season must determine those matters.

SPORT, Quincy.—1. No point takes precedence over another at cassino. 2. Fastest mile trot under saddle is Dexter's 2:18; in harness, Goldsmith Maid's, and also Occident's, in 2:16¾. 3. A baseball player can score all the bases on a passed ball. 4. The fastest 100 yards, running, was made by Geo. Seward; time, 9½sec. 5. The best standing jump is 13ft. 5¾in., by Edward Searles.

FIVE, Boston.—It is a question the umpire only can decide. He says: "Harry Wright touched the base before Hall was put out at third, and that ends the matter; the game, of course, counting 5 to 4." It is rare for the Judiciary Committee, as no game can be forfeited by the failure of the umpire to discharge his duties. Were it otherwise, there would be no end of disputes.

LAZARUS, Pittsburg.—If any player knocks before the widow is taken, the widow is then turned face up, and each player from him who knocks has but one draw. Should he draw the ace of hearts, he can pass to the dead; he then turns the widow, and all parties have the right to draw until someone is satisfied.

SUBSCRIPTION.—1. The Bostons won 39 games to the Athletics' 30, and each won 4 games from the other. In 1873 the Bostons won 43 games to 31 by the Athletics, the latter winning 5 out of the 9 games with the Bostons. In 1872 the Bostons beat the Bostons five out of nine in 1871 and '72, and but one—the Athletics—in 1873.

K. F., Philadelphia.—1. It is the same gentleman. 2. The engagement between the sisters; you have probably confounded them with the Waite Sisters, three in number, whose business is somewhat similar. 3. Their engagement had probably expired. 4. From $60 to $150 per week. 5. She has played many star engagements, and is married.

J. T. J., Cairo.—1. It is impossible for us to say; but it is what probably the reverend gentleman would advise to verify himself by "preaching one thing and practicing another." 2. Froude is a historian, and not an orator in any large sense, while oratory has been almost the lifelong pursuit of Father Burke.

C. AND C., Cleveland.—1. No; you cannot build to ten if your opponent has made it "seven." But possibly you mean "seven," in which case you can build to 10. 2. Certainly not. Were you to do that, your antagonist could claim the game. 3. A fish-hook is not dead unless out in play—a fish-hook held in the hand is not in play.

W. S. C., New Egypt.—"A and B go to the bat and are fielded out; C makes his base and steals around to third; D comes to the bat, and Rooney's ground ball to shortstop, and is fielded out at first base; and C, in running, crosses the home plate before D is fielded out at first. Does C's run count or not?" ..... It does not count.

HANK, Newark.—1. We cannot give you the exact date of Kitty's debut, but believe she first appeared at Tony Pastor's, in some form or other, years ago. This city—or rather New York—has traveled with circuses as clown. The last one he was with was Spalding & Rogers' Circus.

H. H., Wilford.—The Wide Awakes of the pony lost. "Going any way she could the easiest" did not mean that the pony should be pulled or the sulky pushed, any more than it meant that the pony should be carried around on a locomotive.

BASEBALL, Chicago.—1. Harry Wright. 2. On June 14, 1870, at Cincinnati, the Cincinnatis batted seven played, the Atlantics defeating the Red Stockings. It was their first defeat of the Reds since 1868. 3. Harry Wright organized the Reds in 1868.

J. F., Prescott.—1. The "show," and not what is called, wins at draw-poker. 2 One of the rules of poker, surprising to say, specially licenses lying, and a player can lie with impunity. This violation of ethics is all the more surprising because it is read into.

N. O. C., Louisville.—Clog-dancers receive from $25 per week upward, according to ability and reputation. They can get engagements for that specialty alone, but would command better terms if they could also dance straight and Irish jigs

AQUATIC.

THE HARLEM, N. Y., REGATTA.

With wind, weather and water favorable, the second annual regatta of the Harlem Association came off on the stream which bears that name on Monday afternoon, June 22. The expectation of witnessing a series of interesting races induced several thousand spectators to congregate upon the New York and Westchester shores, a double-deck barge chartered by the Association for the use of the tender sex, and the steamers which followed the competing oarsmen over the course. The spectacle presented exceeded in brilliancy anything which had been seen on the rowing waters of New York for some years previously, but the regatta itself was not entirely satisfactory, consequent upon the action of the Association in debarring from competition the two most prominent crews in the chief race of the day—that for four-oared boats, the entries for which included the Atalantas, Gramercy, New York Rowing, and New York Athletic Clubs—and the fact that the next most interesting event, the pair-oared race, was decided a dead heat, because neither the referee (Chas. T. Roosevelt) nor terminal judge (Mr. Byles) was in a position to tell which had come in ahead. In other respects the affair was successful, the racing, save in the first heat of the singles, being quite close and exciting. There was an almost entire absence of wind, and the water was as still as a mill pond, while at the time the races commenced the tide was within an hour of full. The course for the singles and pairs was but one mile straightaway, from a point about one hundred and fifty yards above the railroad bridge to Florence's dock; for fours, from the same starting-point to High Bridge, being two miles straightaway. Summaries of the several races will be found below.

DIAMOND CHALLENGE SCULLS.

First Heat.	
F. E. Yates, N. Y. Athletic Club	1
T. B. Keator, Harlem Club	2
H. W. Peckwell, Dauntless Club	3
Time, 6:09½.	
Second Heat.	
Wm. B. Curtis, N. Y. Athletic Club	1
David Roache, Nautilus Club	2
Time, 6:10.	
Final Heat.	
W. B. Curtis	1
F. E. Yates	2
Time, 6:06.	

GRAND CHALLENGE PLATE.—FOUR OARS.

New York Rowing Club—F. L. Leland (bow), H. Oelrichs, C. H. Leland, C. D. Ingersoll (stroke)	1
N. Y. Athletic Club—R. W. Rathbone (bow), George J. Brown, P. A. Curtis, C. H. Cane (stroke)	2
Time, 12:13.	

LADIES' CHALLENGE CUP.—PAIR OARS.

N. Y. Rowing Club—Frank Ellison (bow), Wilbur Bacon (stroke)	0
Nassau Club—Frank G. Brown (bow), John A. Walker (stroke)	0
Harlem Club—J. W. Arthur (bow), E. B. Pinckney (stroke)	0
Time, 5:47½.	

In the latter race the New York Rowing Club pair claimed to have won by a half length; but as the referee could not decide from personal knowledge, and the judge, at the finish, was not in his proper position, it was declared a dead heat between the New York and Nassau crews, and the matter was referred to the Executive Committee, who ordered that the race be rowed over by the dead-heaters on Thursday afternoon, 25th ult. The New Yorkers protested against this, however, claiming that they had already won fairly, and refusing to row again; whereupon the referee, Richard Neville, ordered the Nassaus to row over the course alone, which they did, winning the prize. A consolation cup, offered by H. G. Meeker, president of the Association, for competition by beaten scullers, was contended for over the mile course on Tuesday afternoon, 23d ult. The entries were Frank E. Yates, T. B. Keator, David Roche, and after a good race for about one-fourth of a mile Yates drew away from his companions, and, being assisted by W. B. Curtis (as coach, in direct violation of the rules), he finally won by nearly five lengths, Roache having taken second place about a quarter of a mile from the finish, and coming in four lengths ahead of Keator. Time, 5:50½. Referee, R. G. F. Jones.

THE ARGONAUTAS DEFEAT THE BUFFALOS.

Reference has at different times been made to a match for a set of colors between the four-oared crews representing the Argonauta Rowing Association of Bergen Point, N. J., and the Buffalo (N. Y.) Rowing Club, originating from a challenge issued by the latter organization, which is one of the foremost in the western part of the Empire State. The success which attended their efforts at the international regatta at Saratoga, in July of the past year, when they came in but a short distance behind the McKee crew of Pittsburg (Billy Scharff, stroke), imbued them with a desire to try the powers of the crack crews in the eastern part of the State. They accordingly challenged the Argonautas and Atalantas of New York, and, as they, by subsequent action of the National Amateur Association's Executive Committee, were made eligible to compete as amateurs, the Bergen Pointers promptly accepted the defi, but the Atalantas declined to enter into competition with them, though the Buffalonians offered to row over the course for the challenge prizes. On Friday afternoon, June 26, the race came off on the Kill Von Kull, between the Staten Island and New Jersey shores. The course was three miles straightaway, starting from the Beacon Buoy at the mouth of the Kills and finishing at the Bergen Point lighthouse, and a large concourse of spectators interest felt in the issue of this contest was greater than ordinarily attaches to such meetings, as it was thought that the Buffalo boys must be downright good 'uns to so boldly challenge the two most noted fours of this section. And their fine appearance when contesting this conviction, and led all the way in a hotly-disputed race. Besides the steamer chartered by the club, and which left the dock foot of Cedar street, New York, at 3 o'clock, laden with humanity, a number of other steamers and tug-boats, mostly engaged by members of various clubs, steamed over the course in the early part of the afternoon. The time appointed for the start was about an hour before high water, and the Argys were then in readiness, but their opponents were somewhat tardy, and when they did pull out to the starting-point they raised an objection because the stakeboat was anchored too far from the shore. This necessitated considerable delay, and when everything was in readiness about half an hour had passed away and appearances overhead indicated the near approach of a storm. The crews were as follows:

Argonauta—Edward Smith (bow), 147lb.; Walter Man, 156; Benj. Crabtree, 157; Fred C. Elliott (stroke), 157.
Buffalo—Chris. W. Baldy (bow), 147lb.; John B. Green, 157; John N. Dorr, 160; Chas. Ed. Dunbar (stroke), 162.

At twenty minutes past five o'clock the referee, Fred J. Englehardt, ordered the word to be sent them away, the Argonautas getting nearly half a length the best of it. The Bergen Pointers went off with a sweeping stroke of thirty-eight to the minute, their antagonists going three better, but apparently without likelihood of raking in the pole, though holding a hand which had pulled more than a man once. But after getting off, the flood-gates above were opened wide, and the rain fell in torrents, drenching to the cuticle the oarsmen and all other unlucky wights who were exposed to its fury. The racing craft, too, were quickly burdened with the falling waters, which nearly baffled the oarsmen; their heads bent and lips compressed, they struggled onward, the boats remaining close together for about one-sixth of the distance. Then the Jerseymen commenced to add to their advantage, the pace at which the race had been thus far pulled being evidently too much for the strangers, their bow oar materially failing in the power of his stroke thus early in the game. As they shot by their boat-house in front of the La Tourette House, about two miles from the start, the Argonautas led fully three lengths, but just afterwards their opponents 'hit her up,' and the leaders making no extra efforts to prevent it, the Buffalo crew got within a length and a half. That was quite enough, thought the Argys, and Smith, calling upon his men, the great effort of the challenging quartet to close the gap was frustrated, and the Jerseymen crossed the line well ahead. Time of winners, 16:46; Buffalos, 16:54. A. B. Warner was timekeeper.

PATAPSCO NAVY REGATTA.

Though the wind was strong, and the blue waters of the Patapsco rough in consequence, the second annual regatta of the Patapsco Navy was a most enjoyable aquatic meeting, on Thursday afternoon, June 25, was the time set apart for its eventuation, and such was the interest felt by Baltimorians in the result of the six-oared and four-oared races constituting the programme, that between five and six thousand persons assembled to view the same, many going down the shell road in carriages, etc., others taking passage on steamers, tugs, and other water craft, and yet more proceeding to the scene on the appliances provided by Dame Nature for purposes of locomotion. Those who took the shell road did so to the detriment of their fine apparel, and at the expense of comfort, for those whose business it was to attend to the matter had neglected to water the road, and the strong wind sent the fine shell-dust whirling sky-high, nearly blinding the pleasure-seekers, who had been led by promises made to anticipate a pleasant drive, and coating them from head to foot with the insinuating white dust which forms the one objectionable feature among the many attractions of an airing upon this favorite suburban thoroughfare. The course for both races was from Winans' shipyard to a point not far from the Anne Arundel shore, and return, the distance being full three miles. Major M. Bailey, president of the Anacostia Boat Club of Washington, D. C., officiated as referee, with E. S. Maunder as timekeeper. The six-oared gig race was called first, the Undine and Ariel Clubs entering the crews named below:

Undine—F. M. Guthrie (bow), 140lb.; J. S. Graham, 130; W. J. Cross, 146; R. B. Sotkoron, 138; K. R. Owen, 135; J. W. Colcock (stroke), 157; F. J. Brown (coxswain), 116lb.
Ariel—J. Levering (bow), 125lb; W. B. Wilson, 137; B. Johnson, 143; T. K. Stuart, 157; A. Godby, 123; Carroll Winchester (stroke), 138; O. M. Williams (coxswain), 124.

The boats were built by C. B. Elliott of Greenpoint, L. I., and were fitted with sliding seats. It was not until five minutes past six o'clock that the boats were ordered away, owing to the difficulty experienced in clearing the course. The Undine crew, who had received valuable instruction from John Giglin, were the favorites, and instead of the lead the instant the word was given, showing a lead of a length when opposite the boat-house at Winans', and thereafter having no trouble in increasing the space between them and the struggling Ariels, who had been looked after for a few days by Ellis Ward. The Undines went around the stakeboat several lengths ahead, and on the way home took matters easy and won by fifty-eight and one-half seconds. Time, 21:56¾. Shrieking steam whistles and the hurrahs of the multitude carried the news to Mary and the other damsels who hoped for the success of the Undines, and then preparations were made for the four-oared race, which constituted the great event of the day. The interest manifested in the preceding race was as nothing compared with this, which brought into opposition the best fours of the three clubs composing the Navy, as follows:

Undine—R. K. Cross (bow), 147lb; E. J. Whittelsey, 153; Walter Negley, 150; J. H. C. Watts (stroke), 162. Boat built by John Blakey, Cambridge, Mass., and fitted with sliding seats.
Ariel—E. M. Greenway (bow), 132lb; Wm. Owen, 140; Joseph Stillman, 166; Wm. Gilmor (stroke), 158. Boat built by Clasper, Oxford, England, and rigged with sliding seats.
L'Hirondelle—W. Theobald (bow), 145lb; Thos. Sigourney, 145; P. Reese, 143; J. H. Ferguson (stroke), 142. Boat built by John Blakey, and fitted with sliding seats.

They were sent off within a few minutes of seven o'clock, and for the first quarter of a mile the L'Hirondelle four slightly led; but after passing the boat-house the Undines, who were the favorites in this race also, plied their blades with greater vim, and forged ahead, amid the huzzas of their friends. Down to the turning-stake the contest was severe and the excitement among the spectators intense. The Ariels succeeded in passing the L'Hirondelles, and stuck closely to the leaders, over whom they were determined, if possible, to repeat their victory of the year before. The Undines and Ariels turned the stakeboat almost simultaneously, the other crew making rather a bad turn and thereby losing ground, which they were afterwards unable to make up. On the way home the Undines by degrees increased their lead, despite the determined and persistent efforts of the Ariels to hold them, and went past the boat-house with an advantage of ten lengths. Shortly afterwards the steam-tug Orlando fouled the L'Hirondelle, and the Minnie Hunt and other tugs got in the way of the contestants, interfering greatly with their progress, but not affecting the result. The Undines won the champion flag in 21:15½; Ariel, 22:19; L'Hirondelle, 22:40.

LONG ISLAND YACHT CLUB.

The first open regatta given under the auspices of this club was sailed on New York Bay June 27, and proved in every way successful, the list of entries being quite large, and the elements favoring the yachtsmen. The competing boats were as under:

CABIN SLOOPS.

Name.	Length.	Owner.	Club.
John S. Gage	42ft. 7in.	Dewitt Beardsley	Columbia.
Foam	33 7	Wm. Cromwell	Long Island.
Phebe D	25	Frank Bates	Long Island.

FIRST-CLASS OPEN BOATS.

Bismarck	27 9	J. Rosteine	Long Island.
Brooklyn	27 5	Ira Smith	Long Island.
Capt. Morse	27 1	Frank Bates	Long Island.

SECOND CLASS OPEN BOATS.

Annie D	23 8	Peter Delaney	Long Island.
H. H. Holmes	22 5	W. Vandervoer	Union.
Joe Saunders	24 0½	J. McMann	Long Island.
Emily F	21 8½	James Sweeney	Long Island.

THIRD-CLASS OPEN BOATS.

Only Daughter	19 6	George Parley	Long Island.
Short Branch	16 4	J. W. Farley	Long Island.

The starting-gun was fired at 1.10 o'clock, the course being from the stakeboat off the club-house to and around Fort Lafayette and back; the course to be sailed over twice—about thirty miles in all. They went away to a flying start, first to cross the line being Phebe D., at 1.11:30, followed twenty-five seconds afterwards by the Short Branch, which led the Only Daughter forty seconds, the Gage, Bismarck, Annie D., Joe Saunders, H. H. Holmes, Emily F., Foam, Brooklyn and Capt. Morse passing the line in the order given, the last-named going over at 1.15:10. The wind came from the eastward and the tide was the last of the ebb, all the yachts going off with booms to port. The Phebe was soon passed by the Bismarck, Brooklyn, Gage, Holmes and Emily F., in which they sailed for some distance, when the Gage assumed the lead, rounding Robins' Reef buoy first, followed by the Bismarck, Emily F., Holmes and Brooklyn. The wind now veered around to southeast, and a beat to windward was necessitated. The Gage held too far in to the Staten Island shore, thereby losing the wind, which fanned the Saunders in turn caught, and passing all before her went around the Fort ahead of the fleet; Holmes second, Emily F. third, Brooklyn fourth, Bismarck fifth, and Gage sixth, the others away behind. The Brooklyn obtained second place on the run home, but couldn't overtake the Saunders, which reached the home stakeboat at the end of the first round over a minute ahead, the time and order of arrival being as under:

Joe Saunders	3h 57m 20s	J. S. Gage	3h 59m 5s
Brooklyn	3 58 30	Holmes	3 55 5
Emily F	3 58 45	Phebe D	4 2 10
Foam	3 48 30	Only Daughter	4 9 10
Bismarck	3 49 30		

The race now dwindled down to eight competitors, the Short Branch, Captain Morse and Annie D. having been withdrawn, as it was evident that their chances were hopeless. The Emily F. by a very pretty manœuvre now headed the Brooklyn, turning inside of her, and shortly thereafter gained the foremost position, which she retained until the termination of the race, the Emily F. rounding the Robins' Reef buoy second and the Saunders third. The positions of the two latter were reversed at the Fort, and thus the yachts came home. The following table shows the result, time of race, etc.:

CABIN SLOOPS.

Name.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed time.	Corrected time.
J. S. Gage	1h. 13m. 00s.	7h. 45m. 30s.	6h. 35m. 30s.	6h. 35m. 30s.
Phebe D	1 11 30	Not timed.		

FIRST-CLASS OPEN BOATS.

Bismarck	1	13	00	6	23	45	5	10	45	5 10 45
Brooklyn	1	14	30	6	25	15	5	51	45	4 36 45

SECOND-CLASS OPEN BOATS.

Joe Saunders	1	13	55	6	4	40	4	50	45	4 50 45
Emily F	1	14	20	6	23	05	5	08	45	5 08 05

THIRD-CLASS OPEN BOATS.

Only Daughter 1 12 35 Not timed.

The award of prizes was as follows: Cabin sloops—Union prize to the Gage, club to the Phebe. First-class open boats—Brooklyn, both prizes. Second-class open boats—Joe Saunders, both prizes. Third-class open boats—Only Daughter, both prizes, having no competitor.

ROWING AT BOSTON, MASS.—Members of the McClellan Association of the Hub made up five four-oared crews on Charles river, on the 4th ult., and pulled two miles, with a turn, for a purse of $25, starting from Comey's Wharf and rowing to Chelsea buoy and back. The boats were manned as follows: Annarilla—W. Shannon (bow), J. Conley, E. Finn, A. McIntyre (stroke). No Name—J. Scott (bow), M. Higgins, J. McIntyre, W. Travis (stroke). Dexter—Cotter (bow), Tyre (bow), J. Finn, M. Shannon, M. Burke (stroke). Bloody Four—J. Cox (bow), A. Brennan, J. Rogers, M. Burns (stroke). Young America—D. Butts (bow), J. Cahill, J. Barry, M. Martin (stroke). They were sent away to a good start, but the Annarillas soon drew in front, and, widening the gap by degrees, ultimately won by about ten lengths, No Name second, and Young America nowhere.

NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.—The meeting held at Taylor's Hotel, Jersey City, on the evening of June 25, for the purpose of organizing a State Association, was attended by delegates from the Atlantic, Nautilus and Pickwick Clubs of Hoboken, the Argonautas of Bergen Point, and the Bayonnes and Tritons of Bayonne. A. J. Dupignac of the Atlantics occupied the chair, E. A. S. Man of the Argonautas acting as Secretary. Resolutions were adopted favoring the organization of such an association, and Messrs. Dupignac, Forbes of the Nautilus, and Hopkins of the Pickwick were appointed a committee to draw by-laws.

FOUR-OARED RACE.—A race in four-oared boats came off on Jamaica Pond, Boston, Mass., June 23, between the following crews: Eliot Club—G. C. Hagar (bow), C. D. Wainwright, J. E. Woodman, H. Balch (stroke). Curtis crew—W. L. Gorham (bow), G. H. Winslow, C. J. Rice, Joseph Curtis (stroke). The water was rowed in a rainstorm, and the Curtis crew came in ahead, doing the three-quarters of a mile in 8min. 40sec. H. Wainwright officiated as referee, the judges being H. R. Robinson and C. H. Balch for the Eliot crew, and G. W. Hastings and A. Talbot for the Curtis four.

FREDERICK A. PLAISTED of the Slope Pacific and Michael Ahearn of the Hub of the Universe rowed a scull race of three shells on the Charles River two-mile turning course on Saturday afternoon, June 27. The race was of a most exciting nature, the contestants keeping within a short distance of each other all the way, and the puller from the Eureka State pulling through ahead in 15 minutes and 32 seconds.

ALEX. CUTHBERT, a successful builder and sailer of yachts, well known to our Western yachtsmen, recently launched at Coburg a beautiful craft of 65 tons, sloop-rigged. He has gone to Put-in Bay for the regatta there 29th and July 4. The Ina and Lady Stanley of this city are also entered at same place.

EPH. MORRIS, the crack Pittsburg sculler, passed through this city on the 26th ult., en route to Boston, Mass., where he is entered for the single-scull race on the Fourth of July regatta, and fully expects to carry away "them $150." He was accompanied from the Iron City by Charley Manning and A. V. Frose of the Columbia Boat Club.

ELLIS WARD desires us to state, in order that the public may not draw a wrong inference from a paragraph which appeared in our past issue, that he did not make any engagement to train James Ten Eyck for his late race with Scharff. Ellis says he makes it a point to faithfully carry out any agreement to which he may be a party.

THE LAUREATE BOAT CLUB of Troy, N. Y., held their annual review on the Hudson, Thursday afternoon, June 25. Fifty-three boats, including barges, gigs, double and single scull shells and working-boats, took part, other clubs being represented.

A PROFESSIONAL ROWING REGATTA is talked of as likely to take place at Oakland Beach, in Narragansett Bay, near Providence, R. I., July 10 or 11; prizes of $500, $200 and $100 to be given in a four-oared race, and $250 and $50 in a single-scull race.

THE ATALANTAS AND ARGONAUTAS have at last arranged that much-talked of four-oared three-mile match. They came to terms on the 25th inst., and the race is fixed to come off on the Harlem River, July 11, in the morning.

THE JOHN LAWLOR ROWING CLUB of South Brooklyn, N. Y., are to hold a regatta July 5, to consist of single-scull, double-scull and four-oared races; to start at 3 o'clock P. M.

A SINGLE-SCULL RACE came off on Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven, Ct., on Monday, June 22. Hall won, defeating Wilcox and Dunning.

BILLY EDWARDS AND SAM COLLYER on the 27th ult. signed an agreement postponing the date of their fight from the 6th to the 11th of August, and the location of the battle-ground from within one hundred miles of Detroit, Mich., to within the same distance of Pittsburg, Pa. The location was altered by request of Collyer, Billy, we believe, suggesting the change of date.

HAVE LETTERS for Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers and Sam Collyer.

BASEBALL.

GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

June 30—Yale vs. Hartford, Hartford.
June 30—Mutual vs. Chicago, Brooklyn.
July 1—Atlantic vs. Philadelphia, Brooklyn.
July 1—Mutual vs. Philadelphia, Brooklyn.
July 2—Hartford Amateurs vs. Middletown Amateurs, Hartford.
July 3—Yale vs. Baltimore, Baltimore.
July 4—Hartford vs. Hartford, Hartford.
July 4—Atlantic vs. Mutual, Brooklyn.
July 4—Baltimore vs. Yale, Baltimore.
July 6—Yale vs. Mutual, Brooklyn.
July 7—Yale vs. Princeton, Brooklyn.
June 30, Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Baltimore.
July 1, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Philadelphia.
July 2, Athletic vs. Baltimore, at Philadelphia.
July 4, Athletic vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC vs. CHICAGO.

About 300 people only were present at the second game played between these clubs in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 29, the excessive heat of the day, and the poor displays made by the two nines recently, having deterred a larger attendance. The Chicagos had out their regular nine and played a better game than expected, while the Atlantics did not field up to their mark. The game began at 4 P. M., with the Chicagos at the bat, and they opened in lively style with three base-hits, one run being scored and earned. The Atlantics after Pearce had earned his base, were easily retired, the game starting with the Whites in the van by 1 to 0. In the second inning neither scored, Pearce making a fine double-play on a beautiful line-ball catch, Force also a pretty double-play in the same inning. In the third inning an error by Ferguson let in an unearned run, the Atlantics drawing a blank. The fourth inning yielded a blank for Chicago, a double-play by Pearce marking the fielding. The Atlantics now began to bat, and on two-base hits and two men thrown out at first, they got in an earned run, a bad throw by Meyerle letting in another. This left the score equal, 2 to 2, and made the game interesting; but poor play spoiled it afterwards, as the Chicagos got in two runs on three errors, Ferguson throwing badly. The Atlantics scored an unearned run through the fielding of Force, McBride, Battin, and a couple of passed balls by Hicks, yielded the Athletics three runs at the outset. In the second inning of the Philadelphias, Craver, York and Mack made single-base hits—the ball hit by the last-named striking a stone, taking a lucky bound out of McGeary's reach, and scoring Craver, Battin and Fisler completing the inning by a double-play on Fulmer's hit. The Athletics then gave the spectators a chance to see some of the best batting that has been witnessed for several seasons, Clapp leading off with a splendid three-base hit to left-centre, off another new ball that had been put in play, McGeary making a like two-base hit, and Gedney, Anson, McBride, Battin and Sutton excellent one-base hits. York and Eggler made a couple of brilliant running catches in this inning, in which five runs were scored, all earned. Each club scored a single in the third inning, Holdsworth making a three-base hit for the Philadelphias, and being sent home by Hicks' fair-foul hit. Gedney and McGeary of the Athletics made their bases by errors of Holdsworth and Mack, and the former made his run. The Philadelphias were retired in one-two-three order in the fourth inning, while the Athletics scored three unearned runs by the muffing of Holdsworth, Mack and Pabor, and good hits by Gedney and McMullin. This left the score at 12 to 3 in favor of the Athletics, and an overwhelming victory was confidently anticipated for them, especially as they had been playing faultlessly in the field during the first four innings. Errors by McGeary, Fisler, Sutton and Anson, and a couple of weak fair-foul hits, however, enabled the Philadelphias to score no less than four runs after two men were out in the fifth inning; and as the Athletics were here blanked, this rally changed matters for the better for the Quakers. McBride made his base in this inning by a muff of Fulmer's, and Fulmer was credited with the hit, McBride's slow running leading to his "out at third" on a force-hit of Sutton's. The Philadelphias were blanked in the sixth inning, two men being forced out at second after McGeary had given Mack—their first base-hit. The Athletics were then allowed to contribute one more run by a clever block-hit of McMullin's, a bad miss of York's, and wild throwing by Holdsworth and Fulmer. The seventh inning of the Philadelphias was a very lucky one, three men getting their bases on weak fair-fouls, one by a force-hit, and one by a passed ball, Holdsworth's hit-liners to left, and Gedney's fly to centre, being the only hits made by the Athletics in this inning. Fulmer making a couple of wild throws while Sutton and Anson were batting, let in one base each. In the eighth inning of the Philadelphias, Eggler—their first striker—collided violently with Fisler, and was thus spared an out on McGeary's low throw, Fisler, however, pluckily playing the inning out, although seriously injured. Hicks and Craver then made their men reaching third base by the slow fielding of Anson; and as York reached first by Battin's error, three runs were scored, McGeary, Battin and Fisler doubling up York and Pabor at the conclusion of this inning. McBride, by a splendid hit to centre-field, was the only one of the Athletics to reach third in this inning, the last inning was a very exciting one, a delay of several minutes ensuing before Sensenderfer was prepared to take Fisler's place, the latter having to retire, Anson playing first base and "Sensy" right-field, the Philadelphias had now their last chance to win, and as they had a good lead behind their fleet opponents, many expected to see them pull the game off on this inning. Mack, their first striker, gave Gedney a chance for a fly-catch, which was accepted; Fulmer following with a safe hit to short left-field. Cumings then made a seemingly safe ball to short right field, but Battin nearly shattered the ball into two coats, Eggler drove a ball bounding past Sutton—with two on the bases and two out—and the crack batter of the Pearls, Holdsworth, came to the bat, and hit another seemingly safe ball to short right-field that seemed almost impossible for anyone to catch, but Battin by an extraordinary effort managed it, and won the game for the Athletics, Battin's two wonderful catches in this inning being greatly applauded. The Athletics failed to score in the last inning, although Craver missed Clapp on the fly. The game was exciting, although very poorly played, the Athletics winning by their superior batting, the Chicagos by their errors, and their faultless fielding in the first four innings. McMullin and McBride excelled in batting, and Gedney and Battin in fielding for the victors; York doing the best fielding and Eggler the best batting for the Philadelphias, who deserve much credit for the splendid up-hill fight made by them. The score was:

Philadelphia.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Athletic	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c. f.	3	3	2	0	1	McMullin, c. f.	2	3	0	0	0
Holdsworth, 3d b.	1	2	2	2	1	McGeary, s. s.	2	2	2	3	1
Hicks, c.	2	3	2	1	3	Anson, r. f.	0	2	1	0	1
Craver, 2d b.	4	2	6	1	1	McBride, p.	1	2	3	0	0
York, l. f.	2	3	8	0	1	Fisler, 1st b.	1	1	9	2	3
Pabor, r. f.	0	1	1	0	1	Battin, 2d b.	2	2	1	2	1
Mack, 1st b.	0	1	4	0	3	Sutton, 3d b.	2	2	2	2	2
Fulmer, s. s.	0	2	0	3	0	Clapp, c.	2	2	1	0	1
Cumings, p.	0	1	2	2	1	Gedney, l. f.	1	2	2	0	0
Totals	15	19	27	8	12	Totals	16	18	27	12	12

Philadelphia	0	2	1	0	4	0	0	0	0	7—15
Athletic	0	3	0	3	0	1	3	0	0	0—16

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 3; Athletic, 7. Bases on fielding errors—Philadelphia, 7; Athletic, 12. Bases on wide balls, Philadelphia, 1. Bases on long men forced out—Philadelphia, 4; Athletic, 3. Double plays—Sutton, Battin and Fisler, 1; Battin and Fisler, 1; McGeary, Battin and Fisler, 1. Umpire—Charles Gould of the Baltimore Club. Time of game—2h. 15m.

FLEET vs. ACTIVE.

A fine game was played on the Court-house grounds, Easton, Pa., Tuesday, June 23, between the clubs above-named, both hailing from that place. The feature of the contest was a magnificent one-hand catch by Mutchler of the Fleets while running backwards. The score was as under:

Fleet.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Active.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mutchler, l. f.	0	1	1	0		Smith, 3d b.	0	1	2	2	
Ward, 3d b.	1	2	4	2		Templin, s. s.	0	0	1	2	
S. Ricker, s. s.	1	1	1	1		Purdy, 2d b.	0	0	2	0	
Titus, c.	2	3	4	0		Ruth, p.	0	1	0	0	
F. Snyder, p.	1	3	2	1		Youngs, c.	0	0	4	3	
T. Ricker, 1st b.	0	2	14	2		Short, c. f.	0	0	11	0	
Otto, r. f.	0	0	0	0		Clewel, 1st b.	0	2	1	0	
Leidy, 2d b.	1	2	1	0		T. Snyder, l. f.	0	1	2	2	
Barnie, r. f.	0	0	1	0		J. Snyder, r. f.	0	1	4	1	
Totals	6	14	27	6		Totals	0	6	27	10	

Fleet	0	2	1	0	2	2	0	0	0—6
Active	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Runs earned—Fleet, 4; Active, 0. Umpire—Joseph Warner, Lone Star Club. Time—1h. 50m.

BOSTON vs. CHICAGO.

On Wednesday, June 24, these professional teams again opposed each other, on the grounds of the Red Legs, some three thousand persons congregating to see them toss, throw and knock the ball about. The home club won by the score subjoined, which is all that we can spare space for:

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Chicago.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b.	2	1	3	2	1	Cuthbert, c. f.	0	2	2	0	0
White, c.	1	2	4	0	2	Force, 3d b.	0	1	0	2	0
Spalding, p.	1	1	0	3	1	Malone, c.	0	0	7	1	1
McVey, r. f.	1	2	1	0	0	Meyerle, s. s.	0	0	1	2	1
Leonard, s. s.	0	2	3	5	4	Devlin, 1st b.	0	0	10	0	1
O'Rourke, 1st b.	2	2	12	1	2	Peters, 2d b.	2	2	0	1	4
H. Wright, c. f.	2	3	0	0	0	Hines, l. f.	0	1	2	0	2
Hall, l. f.	0	2	1	1	0	Glenn, r. f.	0	3	4	0	1
Schafer, 3d b.	1	1	3	4	1	Zettlein, p.	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	10	16	27	16	11	Totals	2	7	27	11	6

Boston	5	0	1	2	2	0	0	0	0	0—10
Chicago	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—2

Runs earned—Boston, 4. First base on errors—Boston, 5; Chicago, 9. Total bases—Boston, 25; Chicago, 8. Passed balls—Malone, 1; White, 1. Umpire—Mr. McLean of Philadelphia. Time of game—1h. 45m.

SAMELESS vs. MONTAGUE.

These Brooklyn rivals for the nominal championship of the local amateur arena—for there is no legal championship, the Amateur Association ignoring so fruitful a source of ill-will and quarrels between amateur clubs—played a game at Prospect Park on June 25, which was witnessed by over a thousand interested spectators, and it proved to be closely contested, as the appended score shows. The game did not commence until half-past four, as there was quite a talk between the clubs in regard to the playing of Fleet of the Chelseas in the Montague nine, which already contained players who had belonged to the Nameless, Powhattan, and other clubs, less than a month ago. The fact is, however, that quite an anomalous condition of things exists among the local amateur clubs this season, especially those belonging to the Amateur Association, inasmuch as they have no legal laws or playing rules to govern them, their adopted rules and regulations never having appeared in print; and until they do, of course they cannot be enforced, no rules being operative unless in print. The Nameless went first to the bat, and, after two hands were out, got in two runs on a misjudged fly-ball by Hibben in left-field. The Montagues were blanked in their turn, who took a nice high fly—and Grierson, who took two foul tips clean up behind the bat. Both sides were blanked in the second inning, but in the third and fourth innings the Montagues scored singles, the Nameless meanwhile drawing blanks. In the fifth inning, however, the Nameless boys battled well for three runs—all earned—Clark leading off with a three-base, Britt and Crosby each making a two-baser, and Nelson a single. Sharp play on both sides was the order, and when the ninth inning opened the score stood nine to five in favor of the Nameless. No one imagined for a moment that it was possible for the Montague boys to pull up at this stage of the game, but they did. Wilson led off with a fly to Brasher. Cox hit to centre field for a base, and Dodge was well taken on a foul bound by Nelson in right-field. Doscher now came to the bat and hit to left-field for a base, but Valentine let the ball bound through his legs, and Cox ran home and Doscher took second base. Palmer raised the ball high into left-field, and Valentine, Clark and Brasher all ran for it; but none of them got it, although Valentine could have done so had Brasher and Clark have kept away. The captain failed to call, and hence the error. This play lost the game for the Nameless. McCabe relieved Palmer, and hit hard to Clark, who failed to handle the ball in time to get it to first base. Now three men were on the bases, and Hartman at the bat. He waited for a good one, and hit it so hard that it flew down left like a rifle shot, and before Valentine could get hold of it Hartman had made a complete circuit of the bases, and carried three men home with him. This gave the Montagues the game by a score of 10 to 9, and over the result the winning party nearly went wild with delight. McEwan, Grierson and Brasher of the Nameless played their respective positions most beautifully; while Doscher, Dodge, and Cox of the Montagues could not have been improved upon. Appended is the score:

Nameless.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Montague.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Grierson, c.	1	1	7	0	4	Hartman, c. f.	2	3	0	0	0
Britt, p.	2	3	1	1	1	Wilson, p.	1	1	0	2	2
Crosby, c. f.	1	2	1	0	0	Hibben, l. f.	0	2	1	0	1
McEwan, 3d b.	2	2	3	2	0	Wilson, p.	1	1	0	2	2
Brasher, 2d b.	1	2	4	4	1	Cox, 2d b.	1	1	3	3	0
Smith, 1st b.	0	2	9	0	0	Doscher, c.	1	2	8	1	0
Clark, s. s.	1	2	0	2	0	Dorcher, 3d b.	1	2	3	4

ONCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY H. B. H.

A wild bird swept across my track,
Singing so fearless, free and strong,
That to the skies
I raised my eyes
And said, O bird of gladsome song!
To what happy Eden dost thou belong?

A wild flower bloomed beside my door,
Opening its petals, dewy, fair,
Beneath my feet,
Exhaling sweet
Odors upon the morning air,
Till it became my love and care.

One silvery beam across my path
Broke forth, a bright and beacon star;
Again my eyes
In glad surprise
I lift to where its glories are,
Where cloud nor storm its brightness mar.

Like song of bird, like flower or star,
Thy presence came when all was drear;
Too bright to last,
'Twas quickly past,
But still the memory lingers near,
And brighter grows each passing year.

On earth we may not meet again—
Enough, if on that happier shore,
In sweet delight
We reunite,
Where sorrows never vex us more,
Where partings chill the heart no more.

JACK'S SISTER;

OR,

WOMANLY PAST QUESTION.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT MERLE SAID IN THE CLOISTERS.

Merle's manner somehow served as a quencher on further conversation. Enid, glancing at him, saw that he was very pale, and that he avoided looking at her. Instinctively she felt that something more important than college scrapes or money matters remained yet to be discussed, and her heart felt troubled, without knowing why. The idea that Merle might have followed Jack's example, and fallen in love with someone, did not occur to her mind, fancy-free of such imaginings; and she simply waited in silence until he should choose to speak to her.

The weather was exquisitely fine—one of those rare days in November when the air is clear and soft as in the first weeks of Autumn, the sky palely blue and cloudless, the sun shining through a faint golden haze. Down at the river-side, indeed, the air had been cool, and the ground so damp that they walked briskly while talking; but up here in the cloisters—whose gray walls always seemed to catch every wandering sunbeam, and cast it back upon the quiet graves and daisy-sprinkled sod—the temperature felt so mild, not to say warm, that Enid loosened a button of her fur jacket, and remarked that it was like a second little Indian Summer:

"And just fancy our being only five weeks from Christmas, Merle!"

Merle made no reply. He was making up his mind to a step which had only been suggested by Aunt Jane's words half an hour ago; but which, once received and accepted, seemed only the natural climax of his life, the end to which his feet had been tending ever since childhood.

"Enid married to someone in her own state of life."

That was the text his mind ran on. And oh! Aunt Jane, if you could but have known what a volcano you were rousing when those few words slipped from your lips, temper would never have got the better of you as it did.

It may appear incredible but, until the idea was thus rudely put before his eyes, the possibility of Enid ever belonging to anyone else—ever giving any man, in or out of her own state of life, the right to limit her kindness and affection for himself—had utterly failed to cross his mind even in its wildest imaginings. The shock of fierce anger and revulsion which passed over mind and body, shaking both to the very core, at the sound of Miss Leyburn's words, were sufficient enlightenment—if he needed any—of what Enid was to himself, and what he should feel at losing her.

But, indeed, he needed none. She was everything to him—always had been—always must be. To tear her out of his life was impossible as for him to tear his own heart out of his breast and fling it from him, and walk away. To marry her to someone else—someone else, when she was his by the inalienable right of first possession!—why, the idea was simple blasphemy against human nature, and not to be borne a single moment.

Somehow, till to-day, Merle had never even contemplated a temporary separation from Enid after he left college, save when the exigencies of literary work should summon him to London for a day or two. A curacy at Marshton Fallows, a residence in the old home until such time as a snug living or Jack's marriage should oblige him to settle down in a house of his own—with Enid, of course; *that* needed not mentioning—such had been the picture which his mind had unconsciously painted of the future; till Aunt Jane's hand gave the first shock to his basket of eggs, and set the whole concern quivering.

His first feeling was almost that he had lost Enid. His first thought, that, though he might, nothing should tear her from him. Why, she had never looked so beautiful in her life as when he saw her waiting at the door for him. Indeed, he had never thought of her being beautiful at all; and now he grudged every eye which fell on her face, every tone of her voice which addressed him, as a theft from her lover. He forgot the innocent flirtations of his college days. He forgot Minnie, his past remorse, his uncertain future, everything and anything but the tide of passion which swept over him, making his heart beat so quickly that it almost choked him, and the blood tingle in the tips of his fingers at the touch of her sleeve or the sound of her voice.

Lose her! Give her up! Not while he had life and power. She was his—his own precious jewel—the flower and crown of his life; and let who might try to snatch her from him, this afternoon should decide whether she would not rather cling more closely to him, as he to her, from that day, henceforward and forever.

Trembling in the grasp of his own strong passion—a passion which he called love, knowing (poor boy!) no higher sort, but which was of that order that it would almost rather have killed its object than let it go—Merle strode on, marching at random through the grass, and unconsciously for a moment that Enid had slipped away to her mother's grave, and was busy tying up some loose trails of ivy which had fallen from the marble cross, and straggled over the mound below. She called to him from thence, and it was almost pitiful to mark the effort with which he strove to clear the haggard anxiety from his brow, and answer her bright look and tone.

"See, Merle, how lovely the blue sky looks through those yellow leaves from here. I am glad we came today, it is so warm and quiet; and look how the sunlight falls on our grave. You know what the Black Forest peasants call a sunbeam? 'The smile of God.' I like the name. Don't you? And there always seems a smile for mother, even when the snow is thick above, and all the rest of the world looks gray and gloomy."

Merle came and stood behind her, but he could not speak. About their feet the dry, yellowing grass rustled softly. One or two late, pink-lipped daisies peeped shyly forth, as if in doubt whether it were Spring-time again or not; and the graves slept on in the quiet sunshine, casting long, wavering shadows of cross and headstone on the lichen-covered walls, and crumbling, shadowy cloisters. Above, the blue sky lifted its stainless arch over the towers and turrets of the old minster; and the sheltering trees murmured and shook down fresh handfuls of golden leaves at every breath of wind, to add to the carpet of brown and red already forming above the narrow paths; and which, stripped from above, gave peeps every here and there between the fast baring branches, of distant gables, red, high-pitched roof, and twisted chimneys; while through the stained west window of the minster came a rich low tremble on the air, a muttered rush of chords gravely grand, though the thought, not human fingers, was touching that quaint old organ within.

So peacefully solemn, so sweetly still the scene, it might have calmed a mood even wilder than Merle's, had he given himself leave to take it in. As it was, he only felt it so far that it tied his tongue, and drove the blood back on his heart when he would have spoken.

Enid twisted herself round from her seat on an ancient tombstone, and looked up at him inquiringly.

"Something is the matter, Merle," she said, in tones whose gentleness was just tinged with anxiety. "You brought me here to tell it. Tell me now," and she put out her hand affectionately. "You don't know how ill you look. And yet it cannot be very much. Is it?" with a second upward look of inquiry.

Merle did not take her offered hand, though he made a movement to do so. It required all the force in his nature to restrain his voice within anything like quietness, even without the touch of her hand to shake him.

"Only this much," he said, speaking slowly and hoarsely—"that I have been thinking, Enid, how I could bear to lose you. I do not think I could bear it—and live."

Her great gray eyes opened wide with innocent wonder.

"But, Merle, I don't understand. Why should you lose me?" with a little laugh. "I am not going to die, and nothing but death could make you lose me."

"Would you vow that—swear it to me, Enid—that—what you said just now—nothing but death shall part us two?"

Her countenance changed. Watching it in devouring anxiety, Merle saw a faint shade of displeasure cross the sweet expression of eyes and mouth.

"My dear Merle, I don't think vows are necessary for such a simple matter as this."

"You are vexed, Enid. Forgive me. I am not myself. But I have been so bitterly tried to-day."

"I don't think you are well, she said, looking up at him with kindly anxiety. "All this trouble and worry has told on you, and made your head bad again. Do not think of such unpleasant impossibilities as losing me, or anything of that sort; but at the pleasant probability that you will take your degree in the Spring, and come back to us to settle down for good."

"Enid, that is the impossibility. I had hoped for it too—clung to it, God knows, as the dream of my life; but to-day, your—" he stopped: a right and gentlemanly feeling forbade him to enlist Enid against the aunt she loved—to-day it has been pointed out to him that this may be the end of impossibilities as my father's generous aid. I take my degree, it is that I may go away, out of the old house and old places, make a home of my own instead of hanging on to other people, fix myself where chance may put me, and live there without— Enid, I could live without anything but you. I can't live without you."

Even yet—with the waning yellow sunlight on his wrung, white face, and hands knotted and twisted round the old monument on which he leant—Enid did not thoroughly understand. All that she took in was that he was to go, part his life from hers and theirs, round whose home it had twined so many years, leave them to enjoy every comfort and luxury, and make what poor home he could for himself, far away.

The idea was too much for Enid's tender heart. Her eyes lightened with sudden indignation, and then there rushed across her the thought, "Someone has said this—who had the right but my father!" and indignation went out in simple sorrow.

"Merle, are you sure—quite sure—that you are to live away from us? It seems so unnatural! And yet ——"

"And yet? Go on, Enid. You could bear it?"

"Yes, if were for your good. I was thinking, perhaps it may be. You are so clever, and you do not care for the people or clergy here. Perhaps London is your proper sphere, and there you would rise higher than you could at home. We should miss you at first terribly. I can't bear to think of it. But you would write to us very often, and come down to see us whenever you could? Merle dear, it will be hard —at least, it will seem hard at first; but *I* can bear it—we can both bear it—if it is necessary and good."

"It is not good!" he burst out, the calm, grave tones of her voice only adding fresh fuel to his excitement. "Enid, I shall never get on, never rise to anything, without you and your love to help and bless my efforts."

"Should I love you less because you are doing your duty away from home, and needing our love more?" she asked reproachfully.

"Yes, in time. O Enid! you are so innocent! Don't you understand that things can't go on forever as they have done hitherto? People are already beginning—curse their gossiping tongues!—to remember that we are not children, but man and woman; and that I am only a cousin, nothing more. This very day I was told, with all a spiteful woman's brutality, that it was not well for you to give your love and sympathy as freely as you do to me—me who am not you brother, and have no right to any especial care from you, unless you give it me—unless, Enid ——"

"Merle, please don't go on. I understand now. I don't want to hear any more."

Her tone was so full of pain that he stopped instinctively, and could have knelt down and begged her pardon in utter shame for having been the first to lay a rough hand on that white veil of innocence which had never known touch or ruffle before. For a moment the blood rushed to his face as hotly as to hers; but he hardly comprehended the woman he had awakened; for it was but a second before she lifted her eyes, frank and steady as ever, to his—so downcast and abashed—and spoke:

"I am sorry, very sorry, that anyone should have spoken so to you; but you were quite right—quite right, and thoughtful, and kind—to tell me. Forgive my stopping you so sharply, dear. It was ungrateful of me, when you were only explaining why you must go. Shall we go home now?"

Home! Yes, *that* was what he had done, confirmed her sense of the justice of his exile, and made her hurry to leave him! He saw it all, in the changed tone of her voice, the decision of her movement; and, springing forward, laid his hands on hers with a quick, passionate gesture:

"Enid!—Enid! forgive me! I could not help telling you. It cut me to the heart to do it. For I love you—I love you more than the whole world put together! Enid, my own darling cousin, promise me that, if I go, you will never cease to love me—that when I can ask you, you will come to me again, to be my very own—my wife!"

"Your ——. O Merle!—no no! Please let me go. I can't ——."

She was startled—shocked—shrinking from his grasp, and hardly knowing what she said in the fright and agitation of an idea so new and so unthought of.

Merle, watching her face, thought that it was himself from whom she turned so shudderingly; and, dropping her hands without a word of persuasion, folded his arms upon the marble cross above Mrs. Leyburn's grave, and bowed his face upon them, his whole frame trembling with the sharp agony of disappointment.

Contrite and sorrowful at the pain she had caused, Enid came to his side, begging his pardon, and promising not only to love him as before, but to make plain to everybody that he had all, and more than, a brother's right to her affection—the right of her mother's last charge and commandment. He put her away, answering almost scornfully, in his great trouble:

Would her people allow her to be compelled to make excuses for her conduct? Would a husband permit it, or be content with the half of wifely love and duty? He would not—no, nor any other man.

"Then I will not marry any man—I will never marry at all," Enid cried, with a flash of girlish petulance, "if marriage is to prevent my loving you, and my own people. There, Merle, you have my promise on it."

"As if I would take it! Enid, you talk like a child. Either marry me—keep that promise you made to your dying mother, and stay with me forever—or tell me to go now—to the devil, if you will, for I shall go there without you—there and nowhere else! Why, I swear to you, by the Heaven above us, that without you, and the hope of having you for my own some day, I should have gone utterly to the dogs ages ago. I am not a good man. I am not worthy of you; and I have no right to ask this sacrifice from you. But if you loved me—if you only loved me — There, it's no use talking—you merely despise me for it. You —"

"Merle!" she interrupted tremblingly.

"Hush, for God's sake! I don't want to hear fresh offers of sisterly affection. Do you think I don't know what mere words they are? Could we ever be to each other again what we have been till to-day? You know we could not. No, Enid—go home by yourself, and be happy. You have chosen wisely and prudently —done your duty—been my light, my saint, my all, while safety and prudence permitted—thrown me away when safety and prudence dictated! There, go. I don't blame you, even though you have broken your vow and my heart in one word; but God and your mother forgive me if I go to destruction without you —you in whose hands I had laid my life, and who have cast it away!"

Merle was not looking at her. His face was hidden in his clasped hands; and tears, hot tears of bitter anguish and mortification, were falling through the close-twined fingers.

Enid stood for a moment beside him silent, shocked and grieved to the soul. She hardly knew what to do or say, while shaken and tortured by this sudden revelation of the strength of this man's feelings towards her, shrinking alike from the new tie and the new rupture, helpless and dismayed for the first time in her life, under a trial for which nothing in that life had ever prepared her. Then she looked at him; and the first sight of his misery, the sight of tears, so easy and natural to a woman, so awful and unwonted in a man—drove every thought away except that he was suffering, and she was the cause—she who had indeed promised to stand by him, and make him her first care to the end of life.

"Merle," she said, touching his arm very timidly, and not even daring to look at him in his weakness—a weakness which seemed the more terrible to her in that she had never witnessed it in any man before, save in the one supreme sorrow of her mother's death:

"Merle, please forgive me. I don't think I understood. I didn't know it was so much to you, or I would not have said no. Of course I will be your wife, dear, if you want me, and if father will let me. What greater wish can I have than to make you happy?"

Her voice trembled a little still; but it was so soft and soothing—more as though she were giving way to some willful child who would not be good unless wise, than signing her own fate for good or ill—that Merle could hardly believe it. Gazing at her with almost haggard anxiety, he caught her hands in his, and begged her not to jest over what was life and death to him. Did she know what she was saying?

"Yes, I think so," she answered, speaking with rather troubled earnestness, but leaving her two hands in his. "If you really want me so badly, if you cannot do without me—though I think and hope you are stronger than you believe—I am quite willing to do what you ask. I do not know why I refused, except that I had never dreamt of such a thing before. It seemed unnatural, somehow. You were like Jack to me, you know, and I had never thought of mother wishing anything else. I dare say she did, though, since you think it; and if so, it is certainly right to keep my promise, and stay with you."

She turned her head at the grave, not him; and her voice had a dreamy tone, as though she were arguing out the matter with her guardian angel. Surely, never was love quite so answered before. Surely, if Merle had pressed her ungenerously, his reward was not wholly sweet.

"Will it make you happy, Enid?" he asked, with painful wistfulness. "You speak as if—as if it were no concern of yours, but only my good you were thinking of. Oh, my darling, I am selfish in wanting you—I know it. I know you could do so much better. But I love you—I love you better than many a better man; and I will try so hard to make you happy."

"I know you will," she said gently. "I know you love me, and I don't think you are selfish. Only be cheerful now, and do not talk as if—as if ——"

"As if what, dearest?" he asked, seeing her lip tremble.

"As if you were not good. I never heard you talk in that desperate way before. I can't bear it!"

And here the overwrought feelings broke suddenly down; and Enid, so calm and self-composed usually, burst into tears.

"Don't cry, don't help it," she said, checking them at his first word of penitent alarm—"you frightened me so. But indeed I am quite happy—quite glad."

"I will never frighten you again," Merle cried, with remorseful fervor—"never grieve or fret you, my love—my own! O Enid! you have given me life and salvation to-day! God bless you for it!"

He took her in his arms as he spoke, and kissed her passionately. She shrank a little away, then reproached herself for doing so; and, flushing under the fear of having given pain, touched his wrist tenderly with her slender fingers, and again suggested that they should go home.

Merle obeyed. They were both too much agitated for further speech. The sunlight had faded from Mrs. Leyburn's grave. The organ ceased. Enid was shivering all over; and Merle, in the great gladness of his new-won treasure, feared that she had taken cold. Almost silently they left the cloisters; and it was not until they had crossed the quiet road and were close to the Cedars that Merle said, half hesitatingly:

"It may be two or three years, perhaps more, before I can hope to claim you, Enid. I am a very poor man, remember."

"You will be working for me, and I waiting for you," she answered gently. "It will not seem long. Besides, I have money."

"I almost wish you had not. Don't look so surprised, my darling. You know how little your money weighs in my love—that you could not be less my queen and jewel if you had not a penny; but others will not look at it in that light. They will say ——"

"Does it matter what they say, Merle? No one who knows us well will think ill or meanly of us; and for the rest, need we care?"

"There is one person I care about very much—your father. He may think it the basest presumption in me. Enid, have you reflected? He may refuse to consent altogether."

"I think not," she said brightly. "His great care is my happiness, and mine is yours. He will not refuse if I tell him that. Besides, you do not want to take me away soon—not for years, you know. By that time, Jack may have brought papa another daughter; or he could live with us, if he still needed me most. Don't fear, Merle; it will all come right."

"Perhaps ——" still hesitatingly—"but still—Enid, do you think—you don't, do you?—that we need tell him at once—not till I've seen my way a little, eh?"

Her great gray eyes opened in most unaffected surprise.

"Not tell him yet! Why, Merle, I've never had even a little secret from dear papa all my life. Fancy keeping this, of all others. That would be distrusting his goodness. Oh, I see you were joking. You couldn't have meant it."

Merle did not answer; for they were ascending the steps of the house, and it was at once evident to both that something unusual had happened within.

The hall-door stood wide open, and leaning against it was a sort of improvised stretcher. Two laboring-men, with pale faces and awe-struck looks, stood within, talking in whispers with one of the railway guards. A maid stood near, crying bitterly, with her face hidden in her apron; and both on the stretcher and on the smock-frocks of the men appeared stains, still wet and red—like blood!

Enid's entrance seemed to startle them all. The strangers drew back, not answering her eager inquiries; and the girl dropped her apron, pale and staring.

"O miss! I thought you was in. O Mr. Merle! stop her—please tell her! The poor dear master ——"

"What is it?" asked Merle sternly, and putting his arm round Enid, who had staggered, and grown suddenly white.

"Oh! sir, Mr. Jack's just had 'im carried up-stairs! The doctor's there—but he's quite dead!—killed in a moment, Jones says! Oh! sir—Mr. Merle!—look at Miss ——. I oughtn't to ha' told her!"

For Enid had dropped, as though shot through the heart; and Merle, raising her in his arms, carried her into the library, and laid her on the sofa—letting no one else touch or speak to her. It was his right now to guard her; and Enid had fainted for the first time in her life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LOOKING FOR TOM COLLINS.

DEDICATED TO JOHN O'CONNOR, ESQ., OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY "ONEY PARLE."

From Johnny P.'s Orleans last night
Came Brown's alarming cries:
And though his sighs were lengthy, he
Was not of lengthy size.

'Tis false that I'm illiberal—
My slightest deeds have shown—
For though alone I're seldom sat,
'Twas oft I stood a loan.

My living's made by baking, sir—
How dare you, wretch, impede it?
Because I'm bred to making bread,
How know you, Tom, I knead it?

I've never curbed my Jane a bit—
For kind am I to woo her—
You've told that when she marries me,
She'll have a bridle to her—

That when to see a comedy
Our family there appears,
Instead of laughing like the rest,
We're sure to be in tiers.

Where art thou, Thomas Collins, O?
To see thee, have I pined;
If I could only find thee, Tom,
Of course I'd have thee fined.

A SIMPLE LOVE STORY:

Behind the Scenes.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

My father was an actor, and I was destined at a very early period of my existence for the stage (as I evinced a liking for it); for my father argued, in his eccentric way, that as actors' children were proverbially bent on going into a theatre, it would be almost futile for their relatives to attempt to keep them out, and his children had his full permission to go on the boards, if they chose, and prove themselves muffs or geniuses, as the case might be. So I began my theatrical career in what is termed the standing ballet, as my father had declared any child of his must begin at the foot of the ladder and climb up. To what height he eventually expected I might have the capability to clamber, I can never say; for I had only crawled up to the position of second walking lady when my father died. What a blow to us all! What a dread loss! What an utterly bewildering sense of helplessness fell upon me, combined with the bitter mortification of the unavoidable confession of total inability to lay those dear remains in their last resting-place without help from others, the humiliation overpowering gratitude with the knowledge of the subscription list that in imagination—but never in reality, though it was there—I saw upon the green-room wall of the very theatre that I must eventually return to! And added to all, the gnawing conviction that the skeleton in the closet, whom father, children, one and all, had so striven to hide, had in this calamity stalked forth and paraded itself before the world's eyes!

The truth may as well come out first as last. Our mother drank. I cannot recall to mind the time when she did not drink. She was the daughter of a scene-painter—a most worthless man, and confirmed drunkard; and my mother's love of liquor, I have always thought, she inherited. She was one of nine children who were brought up, or rather dragged up, in poverty, dirt and ignorance. She had once been a pretty showy-looking girl, and was such when my father married her; but woefully different. How he, an intelligent man, of fair education, ever came to marry her, is one of the many undeveloped mysteries of ill-assorted marriages. In my father's lifetime he had been some check upon her with regard to her unfortunate failing, for she stood in awe of him, and loved him too, after a fashion, as she loved her children; after a fashion, also, she loved whiskey. In his lifetime, when father's step was heard, there was too often a bottle or a glass to be hustled out of sight, a swift glance by my mother at herself in the looking-glass, a hasty brush at her hair, and a stealthy bite of orange-peel, or peppermint drop, to hide her breath; but the vows, yet withal, there remained one tell-tale against her in those glassy eyes! Otherwise, to a stranger, to all ordinary appearances, she might have passed for what, had she really been that, would have brought joy to us all—namely, a sober woman; for, let her have indulged as freely as she could, she never quarrelled. She was a silent, sullen, sodden drinker—always, if I may so express it, muddled. As she frittered away any money she could get her hands on, so she frittered away her time. Our home was a disgrace, and all our domestic affairs were, as she was, in one eternal muddle. My father's early death left behind him, for us, a dreary prospective life for his children to face. To struggle with poverty was bad enough; but we had not only that, but a bitter curse along with it. "What can't be cured, must be endured;" and, as our mother was past cure, we endured it. Under the cloak of our shame, her unfortunate infirmity, and were (I am grateful and thankful to think now) as tender of that infirmity as we might have been had she been blind or dumb, and as happily irresponsible in either case. I suppose it is a merciful dispensation of Providence that, with rare exceptions, neglectful parents have good children, and, as a consequence, a girl of nineteen, on a small salary—one brother, assistant property-boy, on a still smaller salary; another brother, basket-boy, on no salary at all, but earning a few dollars, hap-hazard, from week to week. Our joint earnings having to support four of us, my mother included, made me, who brought the money home, too early worldly-wise. A theatre will make young people old enough in worldly experience; but the responsibility, as well, of a family on young shoulders brings such bitter worldly wisdom taught by deprivation, repression of all childhood's natural joys, that I trust, for humanity's sake, our experience was a rare exception to the many miseries that fall to the lot of those not "God's favorites."

My father had been dead about a year and a half, and I had risen to the dignity of first walking lady of the theatre. I found it pretty hard to dress on the stage as I should have done, being, able with the many needs at home, to spare but little of my salary for theatrical wardrobe; but the actresses in the theatre, who were better off than I, often lent me or gave me what I could not have possibly bought. And I will here testify to the almost universal generosity of women on the stage, in this respect, to their struggling sister artists. The quite sensational style of drama that is now beginning to die out was, at the period I write of, just coming in. I played at a second-rate New York theatre, and we were beginning to have sensational stars, with their sensational hash plays. The rehearsal of one of these plays was brought one day to an abrupt standstill. The low comedian of the theatre—an excellent actor and a great favorite with the public—was absent; and as he was to rehearse a long and important part in the drama, we could not proceed very well without him. Many of us had our suspicions as to the probable cause of his non-appearance, for he was a "spree" at times, to the annoyance of the stage-manager; but being a popular actor, and one whose study was quick, and who got through an immense deal of hard work in a season, he had up to this point retained his situation in spite of his having on several occasions gone upon the stage somewhat elevated. After an hour's delay, a messenger arrived in hot haste, to say he had found the low comedian, and "that he was on a regular tear, and would see the theatre d——d, before he would come to rehearsal." The stage-manager's eyes flashed ominously at this intelligence, and, as was its custom when anything annoyed him, he paced the stage rapidly for some moments in silence. As I saw him suddenly halt, and saw his eyes wandering among the little knots of actors grouped here and there in the several wings, I knew he was looking for one particular individual—the victim of the theatre, a poor devil who never by any chance got a part but when no one else could, nevertheless sometimes got one to play, for he stood in the rather unenviable position of a reserve when an actor refused a part, or was sick, or otherwise indisposed. In every such case this unfortunate young man was unceremoniously pounced upon by the stage-manager, and forced to commit part-thrust into his most reluctant hands, he having often to double the new part with his own. In reciting his grievances in the greenroom he would tell, with a comically injured look, of the many long parts he had "gone on" for, some of them studied at half an hour's notice before the curtain went up on the crime; and while bustling on his dress for the character, and rapidly making up his face, he listened in an agony of trepidation to the prompter at his elbow by his dressing-place, reading the part over and over to him at railroad speed. Truly, as he used to ask, "How can they expect a man to do justice to such parts under such circumstances?" But on the particular day I refer to, this young gentleman (seeing a part of over twenty lengths to be studied in haste, about to fall in all likelihood to his share), pronting by past experience, had with admirable discretion taken his cue promptly and vanished. Vainly might they call him, and send round to the front of the house in search of him; and finally, as the drama in question had been "cast to the full strength of the company," and embraced Indians, bar-keepers, an Irishman, a Yankee, a Dutchman, a heathen Chinese, etc., there was really no one (in the victim's absence) to double the low-comedy part, as many of the parts had already not only been doubled, but also trebled.

The rehearsal was dismissed till the next day, when, promptly at the call of "10 o'clock sharp," I entered the stage-door of the theatre, and saw directly behind me the most comical-looking little man I think I had ever beheld. He had a genuine tow head that stood out like a row of bristles round his hat; a nose like a finger-post on the handle of John Chivery's cane, making him the most whimsical object I had ever seen. His arms and was ridiculously bow-legged, and, to complete the picture, was very shabbily dressed. He came rushing up behind me, stumbled, and fell against me, and arrived at the entrance to the stage in a most nervously excitable state. I wondered who he could be, and soon after learned, thanks to Mr. Wiseacre (was there ever a theatre, by the way, that did not possess a Wiseacre?) that this little man was a substitute for our low comedian, hastily picked up by the management from one of the various theatrical agencies of the town. From Mr. Wiseacre I gleaned this information so soon was as great a mystery as how he gleaned much other information he was in the constant habit of retailing with great zest for the edification of the greenroom. He knew every theatrical person's business, seemingly, as he knew the exact portion of their salaries to say that of his intimate knowledge of all engagements, and all new plays pending at every theatre. He was, in fact, a dramatic oracle, whom few believed in and many laughed at, but to whom all greedily listened.

The rehearsal began, and the stranger rehearsed under a complication of difficulties. To begin with, he had never seen his part in the drama till now, and only saw it now as it was handed to him piecemeal, page by page, as the prompter rapidly penciled it off at the prompt-table. The original part was still in possession of our low comedian, and by this time he was "Where, and oh, where?" etc. The stranger was rehearsing in a drama of the plot of which he, of course, knew nothing. The people about him were all new to him, and he was in perfect ignorance as to who played such or such a character; and he continually addressed the wrong person, got on the wrong side of the stage, mistook his cues, and, if he made a right entrance, made a wrong exit. The star, under the circumstances, not being in too sweet a mood, grew sarcastic in his small way, and at length all combined brought the stranger to that pass of nervousness and bewilderment that before the rehearsal was half over he was voted (sotto voce), by half the company, as an unmitigated muff. As if it was the last rehearsal of the piece, we rehearsed with scenery; and during a pause incidental to the setting of a scene I went into the greenroom to look over my part, and found Mr. Brownjohn, the substitute, staring intently out of one of the greenroom windows at the beautiful prospect that may be frequently seen from a green-room window—a dead wall. He looked pale and anxious, and I observed that when he began sorting the leaves of his part, which seemed in inextricable confusion, his hands trembled; and I noticed, too, that when he tried to study the lines, he couldn't for very nervousness. And I whispered to an actress beside me that I expected that at night he would make a nice mess of the performance. She tittered, and the ballet-girls, who always follow suit, tittered as well, and all of us behaved heartlessly enough, which not one of us, giddy heads as there were there, would have done, I believe, could we have read the suffering of the rapidly beating heart beneath that shabby coat, or dreamt of the misery only of the three past months' history of the ungainly creature before us.

When night came Mr. Brownjohn acted under as many disadvantages as he had rehearsed. His reception was cool. He was imperfect in the text, which was not to be wondered at, and he was terribly nervous; and the knowledge of the fact that every entrance was crowded with actors and actresses, carpenters, and all the attaches behind the scenes, eagerly watching and commenting upon him, did not add to his composure in playing a part that, being an English actor, he was the least adapted to personate successfully—namely, a Yankee. However, Mr. Brownjohn got through somehow, and played the part for the remainder of the week, and then did not, though we all expected he would, get his walking ticket, but rehearsed the following week, and subsequently played a Cockney in a local drama, in which he made an immense hit, and brought down the house. His retention in the company for the remainder of the season was an assured fact, and some of those in the theatre who had comparatively ignored him, believing him a humbug, now gladly recognized and appreciated the true artist. None could help liking him, when the first impression of his ugly face and odd figure had worn off (a figure and face enviable in a low-comedy light). Mr. Brownjohn was so frank, good-hearted, so cheerful and entertaining, so that he was at ease with the company, that he became almost as great a favorite behind the scenes as he was before the footlights.

As weeks and weeks wore on, we one and all had to confess, though, Mr. Brownjohn had one failing—a rare one in a young man. We thought him abominably stingy. He was in the receipt of a good salary (Mr. Wiseacre is my authority), but he still wore his poor clothes, well shabby. The men would be glad to help him, and, to do him justice, would never be treated. He did not drink or gamble, nor did he spend his money on fast women, they said. Then what did he do with his money? Mr. Wiseacre was in an agony of mind at his inability to enlighten us. Yet Mr. Brownjohn, though stingy and poorly dressed, was still a gentleman, and a hollow creature in our theatre never presumed to reflect (in his hearing) upon his being either sordid or shabby.

Mr. Brownjohn had begun to be very attentive to me—saw me home from the theatre at night, gave me valuable hints about acting, and became as fond and devoted a lover as a woman might desire, unless she expected her lover to make her presents, which mine never did. Yet that he loved me dearly I could not doubt. I had begun by pitying him when he told me of the hard struggle he had had since his arrival in America, and ended by liking him. He had landed in the New York very short of funds. The pantomime season having set in in London some weeks prior to his sailing, he had been idle, and as he came (wondrous to relate of an actor coming from London) from neither Drury Lane nor the Haymarket, but from the great Hoyton Theatre, nobody in New York seemed to have ever heard of him, or wanted him, though he tried his utmost to get a situation; and he was on the verge of despair and starvation, when chance gave him the opening in our theatre. And yet, as I describe, as he did, the agony of hope and fear attending that to him critical debut, I should paint a vivid picture. I was shy of inviting anyone to our home—why, the reader can guess—but I invited Mr. Brownjohn, and, to my joy, my mother took kindly to him. He was anxious, and so was she, that I should become his wife; and I think I liked him well enough to have at least engaged myself to him, had it not been for the advent of a new actor at our theatre, who replaced our walking gentleman, he having been tempted, by the offer of a higher salary, to break his engagement and go to California. This new actor was a perfect Adonis, so I shall call him Mr. Adonis. He was one of those men who seem privileged to flirt with every woman in the theatre, to call every ballet girl "My dear," and to lacerate all female hearts. And I soon learned to think more of his handsome face, little fool that I was, that of all the loving devotion of Mr. Brownjohn—in fact, I cut Brownjohn completely, and flirted with our Adonis before his very face.

Mr. Brownjohn remonstrated with me, entreated and pleaded his love passionately; and, finding all useless—took no notice of me, and let me flirt to my heart's content without a word. At the height of my flirtation, Mr. Brownjohn, one morning at rehearsal, burst upon us radiant as a butterfly, in a new suit of clothes—stylish hat, boots, and gloves. I hardly knew the man; and before the rehearsal was quite over, for the first time in my experience of him, I had got excused, and gone on the plea of urgent business, as Mr. Wiseacre feverishly asked: "What is up?" "The Black Crook" had been revived at Niblo's with renewed splendor, and new dancers imported, and every male member of our company who could get "a night off" went to Niblo's, bent on the study, I suppose, that raged in New York at the time, engendered by "The Black Crook"—comparative anatomy. While the piece was still running, a ballet girl in our theatre one night stood in an entrance with one of her companions, where I was waiting to hear my cue and go on. This girl began to talk not to me, but at me.

"Lizzie, I was to see 'The Black Crook last night, and who do you think was there part of the first act, down in the parquet? Why, Brownjohn. He's mashed on one of them English coryphees, for he chucked her an elegant bouquet, and applauded like sixty."

"Oh, didn't you know about that dancer, Milly Rosalie?" chimed in Mr. Wiseacre, stepping forward. "Why, Brownjohn takes her home in a carriage every night, and they say he's going to marry her."

"—this fine season will be the death of me."

That's my cue, and I go on in a sort of maze, and speak the nonsense of Eliza in "Paul Pry" with a heavy heart; and I got off the stage somehow, and began to think that I was going to be married. I didn't like it at all. When had he ever "chucked" me a bouquet? or taken me home in a carriage? The improvement in his appearance, too! All was accounted for. Then he is seriously in love; and so I found I was, too—too late! Vainly did I try to reason myself out of the ridiculous jealousy of Mr. Brownjohn's ugly face and ungainly figure. The majesty of love surrounded him, and I knew he was too dear to me, now that I had lost him. I was tortured with jealousy; and when I got home after the performance, I relieved my overwrought heart with a good cry, and, having no other confidante, told my mother all. She comforted me with the remark that I was served perfectly right—that I had trifled with Brownjohn's honest heart, and deserved to lose him. With this consolation, I sobbed myself to sleep.

The next night, on my returning from the theatre, my mother told me that Mr. Brownjohn had seen her for a long time, and paid me the rare attention of kissing me—for she was not a demonstrative woman—divested me, with her own hands, of my hat and sacque and satchel, and placed them in the adjoining room. When she came back, she gave me an odd, penetrating glance, then counted out eight quarters from me.

"So you really love Brownjohn?" she said at length.

"I love him dearly," was my honest reply. As I spoke, I saw the door of the adjoining room softly opened, and a fair-haired girl standing on the threshold. She advanced towards me with outstretched hands and an entreating look on her face. She was an utter stranger to me, yet there was something familiar in her face that I could not account for.

"I am Milly Rosalie," she said, smiling; "but you mustn't be jealous of me."

I drew back indignantly.

"Jealous!" I said. "By what right do ——" I suddenly stopped, for I saw the tow-head of Brownjohn peeping from the next room at us. The next instant he stood at the side of the fair-haired girl, and a light broke in on me, for I saw a likeness between them.

"This," said Brownjohn, "is my sister."

His sister embraced me, and begged me to become her brother's wife.

"You have thought him miserly," she added; "but he is a dear, generous fellow—saved to pay our debts, and to pay my passage from England. He loves you dearly—he will be his wife!"

I looked up into Brownjohn's entreating eyes, put my hand in his, and gave the promise. And I am blessed and happy in our marriage.

My husband prospered, and, with his help, so have my brothers. My mother is dead, and the grave covers all reproach for the failing of her life; for, with no tinge of disrespect to the dead, I remember the words of a wise poet: "The meanest thing, in losing it, loses its meaness!"

NEW HAVEN CALEDONIAN CLUB.

At Hamilton Park, in the beautiful City of Elms, the members of the club named above held their fourth annual picnic and games June 22. The participating Scotchmen from abroad included James Atchison of New York, ex-Chief Robinson of Brooklyn, and Bowie of Montreal, Canada. The New York bagpipe players Peter Bowman and L. D. Robertson furnished the music, which, of course, was principally the tap of airs that stir the blood of those who revere the names of Burns, Bruce and Wallace. The successful competitors are named herewith: In the running long leap, C. Maxwell and A. B. Nevin of Yale College, and T. Buchan of Boston, won prizes. Maxwell jumped 21ft. 4in.; Nevin, 19ft. 8in.; Buchan, 19ft. 4in. Putting the twenty-one pound stone—A. McKay of New Haven threw a distance of 31ft. 9in.; Jas. Fullerton, Montreal, 31ft. 6in.; J. Dawson, 28ft. 5in. Hop, step and leap—C. Maxwell of Yale, 43ft. 10in.; T. Buchan, 43ft. 3in.; A. B. Nevin, Yale, 41ft. Throwing the heavy hammer—first prize to Fullerton of Montreal, 77ft. 7in.; A. McKay, second, 71ft. 7in.; J. Dawson, 68ft. Standing high leap—J. Maxwell, 4ft. 6in.; Fullerton, 4ft. 5in.; A. Reid, Chicago, 4ft. 4in. Tossing the caber (a pole ten feet long, and weighing 150 pounds)—A. McKay, 38ft. 9in.; J. Dawson, 38ft. 4in.; Fullerton, 36ft. 4½in. Hitch and kick (resulting in a tie for the first prize)—A. Marshall of New Haven, and A. C. Reid, Chicago, making 8ft. 9in. each; third prize, by W. Forsyth, 8ft. 3in. Three-legged race—first prize to Messrs. Fullerton

BASEBALL.

MUTUAL vs. ATHLETIC.
The Blue above the Green.

The struggle between the Philadelphia Athletics—the Blues—and the New York Mutuals—the Greens—for second position in the race for the pennant (the Boston "Reds" being decidedly in the van for first position) has of late been the interesting feature of the contests in the professional arena. Up to June 18 the two nines stood equal in games won and lost; but as the "Greens" had been defeated by fewer clubs than the "Blues," and, moreover, had defeated the "Reds," they really had the lead. The victory in Hartford on June 19, and the defeat of the Atlantics on June 22, gave the Athletics the lead by a score of 15 to 13 in won games, the record of defeats being 9 to 9. This was the position of the rival contestants on June 23, when they met in Brooklyn to decide which was to win the fifth game, each having previously won two. In Philadelphia the Athletics had found but little difficulty—so they said—in punishing Matthews' pitching; but in Brooklyn, somehow or other, he got the best of them. In this game, however, McBride was bent upon achieving a victory on the Mutuals' own grounds; and thanks to his having properly placed his forces in the field—the previous placing of the nine by the club-manager having cost the Athletics several important games—he was successful. Dick was urged to greater exertions in this game by his desire to "get square" with Carey for the latter's alleged partial umpiring in the Atlantic match; and hence there was more than the usual display of feeling in this contest, which feeling was aggravated by the blundering of the umpire, whose ignorance of the rules, hesitation, lack of judgment, and general incompetency except in his endeavors to be impartial, were made glaringly apparent, and not only marred a very promising game, but, we are sorry to say, also created considerable ill-will.

THE GAME.

Play was called at 4 P. M., the Athletics going to the bat. McMullin led off with an earned base, but McGeary was caught by Hatfield on a long foul-bound. Anson then hit safe and sent McMullin round, a bad throw by Higham to second letting the latter in. McBride hit high and retired, and then Fisler earned his second by a left-field grounder on which Anson came in, Battin closing the inning with a high hit. But one run was earned, as Anson had a life given him at second. Higham opened badly for the Mutuals with a high ball, but Allison earned his base. Start, however, gave Gedney a chance for a pretty catch, and Matthews followed with a ball to McGeary, who gave Bobby a life. Clapp also missed a foul from Hatfield's bat, and then John hit a hot one to McGeary, and, the ball being too elastic for good fielding, a base-hit was the result. Yet before a run could be scored, Nelson popped up a high one, and all three bases were left covered, not a man getting home, though six went to the bat. By this the Athletics had the lead given them—2 to 0. The betting had been at odds on the Mutuals.

In the second inning the Athletics began to hit Matthews rather too freely to suit the Mutual backers—four base-hits, and errors by Hatfield and Carey, giving two more runs, only one being earned. On the other side, Remsen opened finely with a two-baser after Burdock had been thrown out. Then Carey hit a ball close to home-base; and though Clapp fielded it in time, he threw the ball too straight for the base, and it hit Carey and glanced off. By this mishap for the Athletics, Carey got to his second, and Remsen ran home. Higham then gave Sutton a chance to throw him out, and Allison did the same to McGeary; but the latter muffed the ball. Start then hit safe to right-field, on which Higham—running for Allison—tried to get his third, but he was caught there by Clapp's fine throw to Sutton, these players fielding in fine style. This left the score at 4 to 2, the Athletics still ahead. The game was now alive and interesting, and it was watched with deep interest. In the next three innings neither party added to their score, the pitching on both sides being very effective, and the fielding support excellent, as a general thing.

Fisler opened the third inning with a three-baser, but the next three put up high balls and left him at third. In the fifth inning, also, two men were on bases and two out, when Clapp hit to centre-field a long high-ball that looked good for three bags; but as Remsen got under the ball and held it in brilliant style, no run was scored. It was in the third inning that Hatfield hit a very hot high-liner to Sutton, who held it in the finest style of the art; and in the next inning McMullin made a good running catch. From the second to the seventh inning the Mutuals could not add a run, nor even make more than three base-hits, McBride's pitching being admirable.

In the sixth inning Gedney led off with a base-hit, and then had his second given him off a bad throw by Higham, whose comparatively weak play behind the bat should have led to Allison's taking his place. McMullin then had a life given him by Carey and Start, and reached his second on a passed ball, which should have been called out; but following on the umpire's leg and thereby was made "dead." Last season it was not dead unless it struck the umpire before being "passed" by the catcher. This year it is dead whenever it touches either the batsman or the umpire. By these errors second and third bases were occupied; and after McGeary had been splendidly caught by Remsen, Gedney ran home on Anson's ball to Nelson, one unearned run being scored.

In the seventh inning the Athletics got in another run on one base-hit, being helped round by an over-pitch and a passed ball. The Mutuals now began to score again, errors by Clapp and Anson letting in a run on two base-hits. The umpire allowed Nelson—running for Allison—to keep on starting and getting in front of the batsman before the ball was hit at, when the rule expressly prohibits anything of the kind.

In the eighth inning the Athletics got in two runs on two base-hits, ball throwing and a missed catch by Higham assisting. This left their total at 8; and as the first two men were put out on the Mutual side, things began to look bad for New York. Just at this time Nelson hit safe for two bases, and then Clapp gave Burdock a life. Burdock then hit the ball in such a way as to cause it to glance from the bat onto his face, and he had to retire to repair damages. Rallying after the blow, he revenged himself by taking two bases on a fair-foul. Then Remsen, Carey and Higham followed with base-hits, and four runs were scored, the excitement beginning to rise as a chance for a victory loomed up. Allison was doomed to close the play, and the Mutuals finished the inning with the totals at but 8 to 7 against them.

Battin opened the ninth inning with a high ball to Hatfield, and things began to look well for the Mutuals, when the Athletics got in on Matthews in a way that astonished the crowd; and before the inning ended they had scored six runs, five being earned, it being hands-all-round in this inning. Now it was that the Mutuals flunked, though they had the last inning, and the final result was their defeat by 14 to 7. Here are the actual figures:

Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, c f	4	2	1	0	0	Higham, c	0	2	5	0	1
McGeary, s s	1	3	0	6	2	Allison, r f	0	1	0	0	0
Anson, r f	2	4	1	0	3	Start, 1st b	0	1	9	0	2
McBride, p	1	1	0	4	0	Matthews, p	0	0	1	3	0
Fisler, 1st b	0	4	12	0	0	Hatfield, 1 f	0	2	8	1	1
Battin, 2d b	1	1	1	0	0	Nelson, 2d b	0	1	2	2	1
Sutton, 3d b	1	1	1	2	0	Burdock, 3d b	1	1	2	2	1
Clapp, c	2	2	6	1	3	Remsen, c f	3	4	2	1	0
Gedney, 1 f	3	3	2	0	0	Carey, s s	2	3	0	3	0
Totals	14	22	27	11	9	Totals	7	16	27	7	15

Athletic.....2 2 0 0 0 C 1 1 2 6—14
Mutual.....0 0 0 0 0 1 1 4 0— 7

First base by errors—Athletic, 2; Mutual, 4. Runs earned—Athletic, 7; Mutual, 7. Total wides—McBride, 24; Matthews, 22. Umpire—Mr. Mack of the Philadelphia Club. Time, 2h. 30m.

PHILADELPHIA vs. MUTUAL.

The third championship game between the Philadelphias and Mutuals was played June 25, at Philadelphia. The preceding two games between these clubs were very closely contested, and this one proved no exception, being won by one run only at the finish, the excitement among the eight hundred spectators being enjoyably glorious, as the Philadelphias in the last inning pulled the match off, although the odds under the circumstances were almost one hundred to one that they would not win. The bright, warm weather favored this match, but the bad defeat sustained by the Mutuals at the hands of the Athletics on the preceding day had a tendency to hurt the attendance, the majority of those present anticipating an easy victory for the Philadelphias, and before play was commenced a large amount of money was invested at odds of 100 to 60 on the Pearls. John Clapp was mutually agreed upon as umpire, and very satisfactorily did he fill that position. The Philadelphias, who had won the toss, opened well, Eggler, Hicks and York making safe hits; and, assisted by Burdock's wild throwing, four runs were scored. Mack and Fulmer popped up balls in the infield, Nelson, Carey and Burdock letting the ball in one instance fall between them, and Burdock making a very bad muff in the other case. Mack was, however, caught on the home-plate, and these errors did not therefore affect the ultimate result. The Mutuals were blanked in one-two-three order the first two innings, while the Philadelphias received a blank as their share of the second inning, although Cummings had made first base by Burdock's muffing, and Holdsworth was credited with a safe hit, Remsen concluding the inning by a pretty catch. Allison, who had commenced catching, went to right-field in this inning, Higham taking up his old position behind the bat during the remainder of the game. The third inning changed entirely the aspect of the contest, as the Mutuals after blanking their opponents made no less than five unearned runs, and thus assumed the lead. Craver and Pabor of the Pearls made their bases by good hits in this inning, but the former was thrown out at second, and the latter left by Start making a pretty fly-catch off a sharp hit. An easy chance for a double play, lost by Craver on a throw of Cummings and a wild throw of Fulmer's, was followed up by fine hits by Burdock, Carey, Allison, Start and Matthews, so that five runs were scored by the Mutuals, Craver making amends for the error by taking a hard-hit liner, and making thereby a pretty double play, retiring Nelson and Hatfield, the latter having been missed on the fly by Pabor. The Mutuals increased their lead in the fourth inning by scoring a single on a very wild throw of Fulmer's. A single-baser by Hicks, and a splendid three-base hit by Craver down to the left-field fence, yielded two earned runs to the Philadelphias in the first half of the fifth inning, the Mutuals drawing away again by scoring four unearned runs, York missing an easy catch and Mack muffing a ball that Fulmer finely fielded, Start, Nelson and Burdock being credited with good hits. This left the score at 10 to 6 in favor of the Mutuals, but the Philadelphias in the following inning decreased this lead slightly by scoring a run on a wild throw of Burdock's and another run on two good hits, Craver making a single in the seventh inning, the Philadelphias being obtained on a force-hit of Craver's, and errors by Higham and Nelson, while the Mutuals were indebted to York for their solitary run, he missing an easy catch, and Hatfield and Burdock made their bases by good hits. Hicks in this inning showed very bad judgment in not retiring the striker, but instead putting out Hatfield at third, thus giving Nelson, Burdock and Remsen one more turn at the bat than they would otherwise have had, and these three took advantage of it on the eighth inning by scoring another run on two good hits, Remsen being put out, however, while trying to make third on his hit. The Philadelphias had the apparently hopeless task allotted them in the last inning of making five runs and then blanking their opponents before they could manage to win; and this they just accomplished, the excitement among the few spectators present, as the Philadelphias kept piling up the runs, being indescribable. Cummings led off with a good hit, but should have been "doubled-up" on Eggler's hit to Nelson, the latter player unaccountably making no effort to touch Cummings. Holdsworth followed with a fine hit that brought home Cummings, Remsen fielding the ball in quickly so that Arthur had not much time to spare. Hicks made his first by a fair-foul hit, but Burdock, instead of holding the ball, threw it so wildly to Start that Holdsworth came home, while Hicks trotted around to third and came home on Craver's one-base hit to left-field. York hit to Carey, who, instead of trying to make a double play, as he could easily have done by throwing to second, made a wild throw to Start at first, and the striker was safe. Pabor hit a hot grounder that Start gathered superbly and put the man out, the base-runners each advancing a base. It was now the most critical point of the game, the Philadelphias having two men out, two men on the bases, and lacking one run yet to tie; Mack, who had not hit a ball outside of the infield, was the striker, and he proved fully equal to the emergency, as, by a clipping hit to left-centre, he not only cleared the bases, but made his second base, only to be left, however, as Fulmer was fielded out at first by Nelson. The five scored by the Philadelphias in this inning placed them one ahead, but the Mutuals had their ninth inning still to play, and it was on the cards that they might pull it off yet, especially as three good batsmen came first to the bat. Fulmer, however, by two magnificent stops and throws, retired Higham and Start at first, and as Eggler made a pretty running catch at centre-field off Allison's bat, the agony was over, the Philadelphias winning by a score of 13 to 12. The game, although exciting at times, was, taken as a whole, rather uninteresting, both nines fielding far below their usual average, with the exception, perhaps, of Holdsworth, Eggler and Start. Both Matthews and Cummings were easily punished in this game, which the Philadelphias won by their superior batting. John Clapp's rulings were satisfactory to both contestants and spectators. The score:

Philadelphia.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Eggler, c f	1	1	2	1	0	Higham, c	0	2	5	0	1
Holdsworth, 3d b	1	2	3	4	0	Allison, r f	2	1	1	0	0
Hicks, c	3	4	1	2	0	Start, 1st b	2	2	9	1	0
Craver, 2d b	4	3	7	2	2	Matthews, p	2	1	0	1	0
York, l f	2	1	2	0	3	Hatfield, 1 f	0	1	4	0	0
Pabor, r f	0	1	2	0	2	Nelson, 2d b	2	2	5	4	2
Mack, 1st b	1	1	8	0	3	Burdock, 3d b	2	3	2	2	6
Fulmer, s s	0	1	2	5	1	Remsen, c f	1	1	0	0	0
Cummings, p	1	2	0	1	0	Carey, s s	1	1	2	2	2
Totals	15	16	27	15	13	Totals	12	12	27	10	12

Philadelphia..4 0 0 0 2 1 1 0 5—13
Mutual.....0 0 0 5 1 4 0 1 1—12

Runs earned—Philadelphia, 5. Bases on errors—Philadelphia, 7; Mutual, 9. Double-plays—Craver, 1. Umpire—John Clapp of the Athletic Club. Time of game, 2h., 5m.

COLLEGE CLUB GAMES.
The Freshmen Tourney at Boston.

The colleges of the Middle and Eastern States are going strong into baseball this season, and the rivalry among the University nines is very great, while the Freshmen contests are regarded with more than ordinary interest. The three leading nines are those of Yale, Harvard and Princeton, the others being comparatively nowhere in the race. The series of matches is best two out of three. Yale and Princeton were to have come together at Princeton some weeks ago; but the Jersey nine, headed by President Beach of the Amateur Association, insisted upon playing the matches under the code of rules adopted at the April meeting of the thirty odd clubs composing the Amateur Association in question. This would have been all right enough, if the said rules had been in print, so that every club could know what they were. But they were not. This being the case, and the professional rules being the only code in print, and therefore the only code that could be legally enforced, the Yales refused to play under any other; and as the Princeton nine declined to play under that code, the match did not take place. Since then the Harvards and Yales have taken the matter under consideration, and both agreed that all the championship matches between college nines should be played under the regular professional code of playing rules; and the Princetons, finding that they would be left out in the cold otherwise, finally agreed to the Harvard and Yale terms, and the matches Princeton vs. Yale have been arranged to be played early in July—the first game at Hartford, and the second in Brooklyn. In the meantime, the Yales have arranged practice games with the professionals of Hartford, New York and Baltimore, in order to get themselves into training for the coming University-nine contests. The Harvards train with the professional champions, Harry Wright "coaching" the Cambridge boys. The Yales practice with the Hartfords, and the Princetons with the Philadelphia and Athletic nines, the Yales and Princetons also having "bouts" with other professional nines when they can. Thus far, judging from results, Yale has the lead, Harvard being second and Princeton third. The contests to come are looked forward to with great interest, and they promise to be exciting affairs.

The University nines look to the Freshmen nines for recruits for their own forces when occasion requires, and hence each college is interested in the Freshmen contests. The tourney between the Harvard and Yale Freshmen began in Boston on Monday, June 22, on which occasion the two nines met on the professional grounds of the Boston Club. There was a large gathering of students and others, friends of the rival college teams, and considerable interest was evinced in the match. The game was very exciting up to the end of the sixth inning, the score then being—Yale, 4; Harvard, 1. Both nines being in excellent condition, some fine plays were made during the first part of the game. The Yale catcher caught no less than six foul tips, one taken just after he had received a hard rap over the right eye from a tip which was too quick for him, and which required him to retire long enough to bathe his forehead. The batting of the Harvards was superior, but the fielding of the others were quite evenly matched. In the seventh inning the Yale nine became a little demoralized and allowed their opponents to score four runs, while they themselves failed to count. In the eighth inning, five more were added by good batting, assisted by a few errors, the Harvards thus winning the game as per score:

Harvard.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Yale.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Leeds, s s	1	3	0	1	1	Bigelow, c	1	0	8	1	4
Tower, 2d b	2	0	3	1	0	Wheaton, 3d b	0	0	3	2	2
Nash, p	1	0	1	2	0	Knight, s s	0	0	1	2	5
Bird, r f	2	1	2	0	0	Walker, c f	0	0	1	0	1
Keyes, 3d b	2	0	2	3	5	Gillette, 2d b	0	0	2	0	0
Thatcher, c	2	0	1	2	0	Clarke, l f	0	0	1	0	0
Sawyer, 1st b	0	0	9	0	2	Williams, 1st b	1	1	9	0	0
Latham, c f	1	1	5	1	0	Barnum, r f	2	1	2	0	0
McDowell, l f	0	0	0	0	0	Sanford, p	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	10	9	27	13	15	Totals	4	2	27	6	12

Harvard.....0 0 0 1 0 0 4 5 0—10
Yale.....0 0 0 0 2 0 0 2 0— 4

Runs earned—Harvard, 0; Yale, 0. Passed balls—Nash, 3; Sanford, 2. Umpire—Mr. Hodges of the Harvards. Time, 2h. 35m.

The second game took place on June 23, and it proved to be almost a muffin affair, neither side doing justice to themselves. Yale took the lead at the start, and finally came in easy victors by 28 to 14. The score:

Yale.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Harvard.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Bigelow, c	2	3	4	1	1	Leeds, s s	3	2	2	2	2
Wheaton, 3d b	3	2	1	4	1	Towers, 2d b	3	2	3	1	
Knight, s s	4	4	0	0		Nash, p	2	3	3	7	
Walker, c f	4	3	2	0		Bird, r f	3	3	1	0	
Gillette, 2d b	4	5	2	2		Keyes, 3d b	2	1	2	1	
Clark, l f	1	4	3	0		Thatcher, c	0	3	3	3	
Williams, 1st b	2	2	11	0		Sawyer, 1st b	1	2	11	0	
Andrews, r f	2	1	0	0		Latham, c f	1	1	0	0	
Sanford, p	4	1	0	5		McDowell, l f	1	1	3	0	
Totals	28	26	27	9		Totals	14	17	27	15	

Yale.....3 7 0 0 7 4 6 0 1—28
Harvard.....1 0 2 6 1 0 2 1 1—14

Runs earned—Yale, 1; Harvard, 2. First base on errors—Yale, 10; Harvard, 7. Umpire—Mr. Hooper, Harvard, '75. Time, 2h. 35m.

On June 24 the third game was played, and the result was the success of the Harvards, who thereby won the match, best two out of three games. The Yale took the lead and maintained it up to the close of the fifth inning, when the Harvards in the sixth inning got in heavy on the Yales to the tune of ten runs, thus ending all chances of a Yale victory. The score, as follows:

Harvard.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.		Yale.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	
Leeds, 3d b	0	1	3	3		Bigelow, c	0	1	5	4	
Towers, 2d s	3	2	1	3		Wheaton, 3d b	1	1	1	2	
Nash, p	3	2	1	2		Knight, s s	1	1	1	4	
Bird, 2d b	2	1	5	2		Walker, c f	2	2	2	0	
Herrick, r f	3	1	0	0		Gillette, 2d b	1	1	3	2	
Thatcher, c	1	1	3	0		Clarke, l f	0	0	1	0	
Sawyer, 1st b	1	0	11	0		Williams, 1st b	0	0	12	0	
Latham, c f	1	0	0	0		Andrews, r f	1	2	1	0	
McDowell, l f	1	3	0	1		Sanford, p	1	2	0	4	
Totals	16	8	27	11		Totals	8	11	27	14	

Harvard.....0 3 0 0 0 10 1 1 0—15
Yale.....3 0 0 2 2 0 0 1—8

Runs earned—Harvard, 1; Yale, 1. First base on errors—Harvard, 6; Yales, 6. Time, 2h. 15m.

ATHLETIC vs. MUTUAL.

The Athletics and Mutuals played their sixth championship game on June 24, on the former's ground, at 25th and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia. The attendance was smaller than usual, about one thousand, however, being present. The Athletics were decided favorites in the betting, at the odds of 100 to 25, before the game commenced. The toss was won by the Athletics, and play commenced at 4:15 P. M., the Mutuals were put out without scoring in the first inning, although Allison had made his base by a bad muff of Battin's, and Matthews by a good left-field hit. Start's hit, however, forced out Allison, and Hatfield was the third out on an easy fly by McGeary. A very wild throw of Burdock's in the first inning, a passed ball, gave McGeary a run in this inning of the Athletics, Burdock putting out two men on fly-fouls. In the second inning of the Mutuals, after their first striker was put out, Remsen made a clean home run by a line-hit that McMullin rather misjudged at first. Carey then made his base by another bad error of Battin's, but was left. Fisler and Battin led off for the Athletics in this inning; and, assisted by a passed ball, an unearned run was scored by the former. The Mutuals scored two runs in the third inning by the good batting of Allison and Matthews, the latter making his second, a passed ball of Clapp's materially assisting. The Athletics then tied their opponents' score, McGeary leading off with a sharp fair-foul hit for two bases, and scoring on McBride's safe bounding hit; Fisler, who followed with a fine hit, being left, along with McBride, by Battin popping up an easy catch to Nelson. The Mutuals were put out in one-two-three order in the fourth inning, McGeary making a good catch at short left-field, and Sutton putting the last man out by a splendid throw admirably handled by Fisler. The Athletics then punished Matthews' pitching for four runs, Clapp, McMullin, Anson and McBride making fine hits, the three first named, along with Sutton—who had been given a life by Nelson—all scoring runs. In the fifth inning single-base hits by Allison and Start, and another passed ball of Clapp's, yielded another unearned run to the Mutuals, and the Athletics added no less than five runs after two men were out and easy chances for outs given to Burdock and Higham; Gedney, McMullin, McGeary and Anson then following with clean hard hits. Allison and Higham changed positions in this inning. The Mutuals were blanked in the sixth inning, Nelson, who had reached his base by an error of Battin's, being the third man out on the home-plate, while trying to run home on Carey's safe hit to short centre-field. Errors by McGeary, Sutton and Anson, and a hit that McMullin waited for on the bound, allowed the Mutuals to score a couple of runs in the seventh inning, they being all that they could get, a splendid double-play by Gedney and Fisler being a feature of the concluding inning. The Athletics scored in the last four innings six runs on the same number of clean hits, errors by Nelson, Start, Hatfield and Carey preventing more than one run from being earned. Hatfield and Burdock changed positions in the sixth inning, the former going in to pitch in the last inning, while Matthews played third base, where he made a pretty double-play by means of a neat foul-fly catch. The game was decidedly uninteresting, the only redeeming feature being the fine batting of the Athletics, Fisler taking the lead. Bechtel's umpiring, although impartial, was too lenient.

Mutual.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Athletic.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Higham, c	0	0	1	0	2	McMullin, c f	2	2	2	1	1
Allison, r f	2	2	2	0	0	McGeary, s s	5	3	1	6	2
Start, 1st b	1	2	10	1	1	Anson, r f	1	3	2	0	1
Matthews, p	1	2	1	2	1	McBride, p	1	2	1	1	0
Hatfield, l f	0	0	4	0	2	Fisler, 1st b	2	4	7	0	0
Nelson, 2d b	0	1	2	3	1	Battin, 2d b	2	2	2	2	3
Burdock, 3d b	0	0	5	0	2	Sutton, 3d b	2	0	0	1	1
Remsen, c f	2	2	0	0	0	Clapp, c	2	1	8	0	2
Carey, s s	1	2	0	5	1	Gedney, l f	1	2	2	1	1
Totals	6	9	27	11	17	Totals	18	19	27	9	11

Mutual.....0 1 2 0 0 1 0 2 0— 6
Athletic.....1 0 1 0 2 1 0 2 1—18

Runs earned—Athletic, 3; Mutual, 1. Bases on errors—Athletic, 10; Mutual, 8. Double-plays—Carey, Start and Hatfield, 1; Matthews, Start and Hatfield, 1; Gedney and Fisler, 1. Umpire—Geo. Bechtel of Philadelphia Club. Time, 2h. 15m.

THE GAME IN OLD KAINTUCK.

A correspondent residing in the Corn-cracker State sends us the subjoined:

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 16, 1874.

EDITOR NEW YORK CLIPPER.—DEAR SIR.—Baseball matters in Louisville are decidedly looking up. A few days ago the members of the old Eagle Club, recognized in 1870 as the best amateur club in the West, met together and reorganized under the name of the Louisville Eagle Club. They adopted articles of incorporation, and have now sold all the stock they desire to issue, have leased and inclosed beautiful grounds on the corner of Fourth and Magnolia avenue, immediately adjoining Central Park, and in a few days will have all the usual buildings for ball-grounds completed. The nine of the club will be a very good one; all the old Eagle nine, except Ed. Booth, pitcher, and Frank Walworth, 2d baseman, being still on hand here. The absence of the latter is the one sad feature of the reorganization of the club. Frank was a great favorite with all the friends of the Eagle Club, and admirers of the game here. None believe him to be what his present unfortunate position would indicate. The club is now ready and anxious to arrange for games with professional or amateur nines from any part of the country. Communications should be addressed to the Louisville Eagle Baseball Club, No. 4 E. Maine street, Louisville, Ky.

L. E.

HARTFORD vs. CHICAGO.

These championship teams engaged in a contest on the grounds of the former, at Hartford, Ct., on Monday afternoon, June 22, this being the third game of their championship series. With the exception of the batting strength exhibited by the White Stockings in the eighth inning, securing for them five runs, the game was not remarkable for anything. Underneath is the score:

Chicago.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cuthbert, 1 f	1	2	4	0	0	Barnes, s s	1	2	4	4	2
Force, s s	2	1	3	2	1	Hastings, r f	2	2	3	0	0
Malone, c	1	3	2	1	1	Mills, 1st b	2	2	1	0	1
Meyerle, 3d b	2	2	1	4	0	Pike, c f	0	2	3	0	1
Devlin, 1st b	1	1	2	0	3	Fisher, p	0	0	4	1	2
Peters, 2d b	1	1	5	4	1	Boyd, 3d b	1	2	3	0	1
Hines, c f	2	2	1	0	1	Tipper, l f	1	1	4	0	0
Glenn, r f	1	1	1	0	0	Addy, 2d b	1	1	3	3	4
Zettlein, p	3	3	2	0	1	Barnie, c	2	1	2	0	3
Totals	14	20	27	8	12	Totals	10	15	27	8	14

Chicago.....1 0 1 2 4 0 0 4 0 2—14
Hartford.....1 0 1 0 2 1 0 5 0—10

Runs earned—Chicago, 3; Hartford, 1. Wides on Fisher, 10; on Zettlein, 7. Umpire—Thomas Patterson of the Mutuals. Time—2h. 30m.

BOSTON vs. HARTFORD.

A game played at Hartford, Ct., June 25, between these clubs was enjoyed by about two thousand spectators. The game was signalized by terrific batting upon both sides, though the Reds failed to punish Stearns' pitching in the early part of the game, and when they did get the hang of his style the Hartford's superseded him with Fisher, upon whom they could not get in their work effectually. However, they managed to win by a solitary run, owing, the Hartfords claim, to an unfair decision by the umpire, from which they will appeal to the Judiciary Committee. Tipper of the Hartfords distinguished himself by a splendid catch at left field. The score follows:

Boston.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.	Hartford.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Barnes, 2d b	3	4	2	2	1	Barlow, s s	1	3	4	4	0
White, c	1	1	4	3	3	Hastings, c	1	2	4	1	3
Spalding, p	2	1	2	2	1	Milk, 1st b	1	2	9	0	1
McVey, r f	1	1	2	1	0	Pike, c f	2	2	2	1	0
Leonard, s s	1	3	3	0	0	Tipper, l f	2	2	2	0	0
O'Rourke, l f	1	2	1	0	0	Remsen, 3d b	1	1	1	2	1
H. Wright, c f	3	3	3	0	0	Boyd, 3d b	2	3	3	1	2
Hall, 1 f	1	3	3	0	2	Addy, 2d b	2	3	2	3	2
Schafer, 3d b	1	2	3	4	0	Stearns, p	1	1	4	2	2
Totals	14	20	27	13	7	Totals	13	20	27	13	13

Boston.....1 0 2 6 1 0 2 1 1—14
Hartford.....0 0 0 0 0 1 2 3 0—13

Runs earned—Boston, 5; Hartford, 10. Wides on Spalding, 7; Stearns, 16; Fisher, 7. First bases on errors—Boston, 2; Hartford, 5. Umpire—C. L. Mitchell of the Yales. Time, 2h. 25m.

BOSTON vs. PICKED NINE.—At Worcester, Mass., June 13, the Reds played a game with a nine picked from the Clipper, Clinton and Holy Cross Clubs, the picked team being given the advantage of five outs. The score by innings was as follows:

Boston.....0 1 2 12 1 0 1 0 0—17
Picked Nine....2 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0— 3

THE FLYAWAY CLUB.—A member of this club writes us word that the club "have not met with the success that they anticipated this season, for the simple reason that harmony does not prevail among the players. Barney Shevlin, their captain, having done all in his power to harmonize affairs, and being unsuccessful, has concluded to resign, and will on and after Aug. 17 play with and manage the Confidence Club of New Rochelle."

AQUATICS.

THREE-MILE SCULLERS' RACE
BETWEEN
James Ten Eyck and Wm. Scharff, for $1,000.
THE FORMER WINS THE MONEY.

The first important professional sculling match of the present season was rowed on the Hudson River, at Peekskill, N. Y., on Thursday morning, June 25, having been postponed from the evening previous in consequence of rough water. The principals to the match were William Scharff of Pittsburg, Pa., and James Ten Eyck of Peekskill, N. Y., and the meeting resulted from a challenge issued by the Smoky City oarsman three months previously. Full particulars are herewith given, commencing with a

HISTORY OF THE MEN.

James A. Ten Eyck is a native of New York State, having been born at Tompkins Cove on the Hudson, Oct. 16, 1851, being therefore his senior twenty-three years at the present time. He has been rowing in public races ever since his eighteenth year, the first account we have of him as a sculler being in connection with the citizens' regatta given on November 26, 1870, when he defeated Ed. Murphy, defeated John McKeel and Schedgell, and other doubles-scullers. Subsequent to this affair, a match was arranged between him and his late competitor, Murphy for $100 a side, we believe. They pulled three miles, one turn, in 17-foot boats, at Cornwall, N. Y., Sept. 20, 1870, Ten Eyck carrying off the stakes in 26:46, Murphy wasn't satisfied with the result of a race which he felt confident of winning, and he immediately issued another challenge, which the youthful "Jimmy" hesitated not to accept. An agreement was drawn up and signed to row the same distance as before, and for the amount above-named, and they started to carry out this agreement Oct. 5, 1870; but after they had rowed over one-fourth of the distance the boats collided and both claimed foul. The referee, however, would not allow the claim, nor would he order the men to row over, as he ought to have done, but declared the race off. The stakes were accordingly drawn. Ten Eyck afterwards issued a challenge to his quondam antagonist, but "Murph" didn't fancy the job sufficiently to accept. On the 4th of July, 1871, he participated in a single-scull regatta at Newburg, coming in second, the winner being Ellis Ward, and the distance four miles. On the 21st of the month he appeared in a single-scull race at Ingleside, Mass., the distance being two miles, and the victor his former conqueror, Ellis Ward; T. C. Butler second, Paudeen Harrington third; distance, two miles; time of winner, 14:42. His next appearance was at the Empire City Regatta, Harlem River, New York, Sept. 25, same year, when he came in second by four seconds to John Biglin, in a four-mile race in 17-foot working boats, three turns, the winner's time being 31:59. He then showed up at the Boston, Mass., Fourth of July regatta, in 1872, when he won in the single sculls, beating T. C. Butler, T. F. Doyle, Jr., John Biglin, P. Harrington and others; time for the two miles, 15:16½. Oct. 23, same year, he carried off the first prize in a regatta held at Peekskill, rowing three miles, one turn, in 24:26, and vanquishing Gil Ward of Cornwall and Jared T. Raymond of Sing Sing. On June 4, 1873, at Lake Maghagh, Verplanck's Point, he entered for the single-scull race, and took first prize; Gil Ward second; and in the scullers' race at the Boston regatta, July 4, same year, he came home second to Eph. Morris of Pittsburg, whose time for the two miles, with a turn, was 14:46½, a second and a half better than the Peekskiller could do. This was the last race in which the subject of our sketch took part until that which transpired on the 25th ult.

William Scharff, familiarly called "Billy," was born where he now resides—at Birmingham, one of the manufacturing suburbs of Pittsburg, and we is certain the senior of his antagonist, having first exercised his infantile lungs on the 15th of April, 1850. Though having appeared as a principal in no aquatic contests previous to participating therein in 1867, and H. Best, Joe Scott, and others afterwards, besides rowing stroke of the McKee Club four, which won laurels at home,

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given in order to prevent mistakes.

Letters received for week ending 5P. M., MONDAY JUNE 29.

LADIES' LIST.

Allen, Mrs. Hy. T
Adams, Minnie
Adams, Lucille M.
Alexandrina, Mlle.
Booth, Josie
Boniface, Marie
Brown, Mad. Louise
Bowers, Maggie (3) 3c.
Berry, Celia
Bagley, Carrie E.
Bernard, Mrs. Geo. W.
Burdieu, Mrs. Jane
Baker, Minnie
Carner, Mrs. J. W.
Carleton, Mrs. Jennie
Cushman, Addie
Cadona, Mrs. Harry
Coyle, Maggie
Conway, Mrs. P. B.
Corbyn, Minnie
Carle, Miss E.
Case, Mrs. (with Marionettes) 15c.
De Glorian, Le-La
Duprez, Mrs. C. H.
De Lisle, Maud
Duncan, Stella
De Witt, Lotta M.
De Tong, Minna
Evelyn
Erwin, Eloise Bridges
Engle, Jennie
Fielding, Maggie (2)
Freeman, Lizzie
Fuller, Blanche
Frederick, Emma
Freeman, Ada
Gayton, Zoe
Grady, Ella
Ames, Emile
Andre, Prof. A. E.
Arnold & Rogers
Allewell, Willy
Abrendi, Carl F.
Alabama Minstrels, Agent
Atwood, J. B.
Allen, E. H. (2)
Atkins, Geo.
Arnold Bros.
Adams, Edwin (2
Ames, Harry
Brooks, Ellis
Bruce, T. H.
Bower, Frank
Bruno, Sig.
Baily, Harry (circus "biz")
Belayner, Antonio
Boyd, Charlie (2)
Barry, Jr., Frank
Birch, Billy (minstrel) (2)
Birch, Louis
Broderick, Geo. H.
Brink, R. H.
Benn, Walter
Benedict, Lew
Bell, Geo. A.
Byers, Wm.
Blanchett, C. E.
Bosworth, Frank (2)
Bennett or Wife, Frank
Bruce, Thos. H.
Bayze, C. V.
Belletti, Sig. A.
Bell, Wm. F.
Burgess, Neil
Booker, Harry
Bartlett, Murdock
Batchelder, Wm. (with Coie)
Barnabo, Adolphe (2)
Bremond, E. L.
Bothner, Gustave
Bideaux, Gustave (2)
Blanchard, Chas. A.
Beatty, R. H.
Beir, Sig. S.
Benjamin, Frank L.
Barnes, Chas. F.
Bright, Frank B.
Booth, L. M.
Brewster, Wm.
Burton, Will C.
Birch, Wambold & Backus
Blossom, Nat
Burton, Danl. (with Washburn)
Collins, Wm. (of Collins & Rogers)
Cilley, Frank B.
Clapham, H. (with Haverley)
Carle, Chas.
Oresswell, J. S. (2)
Compton, W. N.
Cooper, Fred A.
Campbell, Joe H.
Coghlan, Chas. W.
Cassidy, Geo. H.
Cotton, E. G. (2)
Couldock, C. W. (2)
Costello, Fred
Counlot, A. C.
Caulfield, Geo. E.
Cowles, Theo. G.
Crompton, W. M.
Carner, J. W.
Clifford, Thos. (with Queen's show)
Clark, Geo. C.
Cazaman, A. R.
Curtis, H. B. 10c.
Christie, Chas. E.
Casey, Frank
Caddy, C.
Collins, Lew
Collins, Frank
Davenport, Geo. E.
Dempsey, Claude
Diorama
Dallas, G. A.
De Lenn, Geo.
De Witt, L. O.
Durham, S.
Dowell, J. Frank
Denier, John
De Bar, Ben
Dowlinger, C.
Dunning, Chas.
Duprez, Chas.
Dillon, Frank (2)
Darby, Dick
Donaldson, Jno.
Davis, W. S.
Day, Chas. H.
Dyer, Frank H.
De Vivo, Mr. (manager & agent) 3c.
Donaldson, Jno.
Davis, W. S.
Day, Chas. H.
Dyer, Frank H.
De Vivo, Mr. (manager & agent) 3c.
Dr. Shamiro (magician)
Eckert, Prof. Jno.
Evens, Jno. D.
Eberlein, Geo.
Elliott, C. H.
Fredericks, Wm. 3c.
Gilmore, Fannie
Gibson, Nellie
Graham, Mrs. Nelson
Gordon, Belle
Gray, Kate
Howard, Victoria (vocalist)
Howard, Jennie
Hindley, Mrs. K.
Hubbard, Addie (2)
Hendricks, Mrs. Emma
Howard, Adah M.
Herbert, Carrie
Howard, May
Howard, Josephine
Irma, Mlle. 10c.
Kenyl, Adele
Knight, Fannie
Linden, Lillie
La Verde, Mrs. (2)
Loder, Minnie
"Little Nell"
Lea, Mlle.
Lucille, Fannie
Logan, Olive
Lee, Rosa
Love, Ella
Loulu, Madame
Loraine, Maggie
Lillian, Lena
Leminier, Laura
Lyle, Betty
Mitchell, Maggie
Man ing, Mrs. Billy
Milton, Clara
Marco, Grace
McClellan, Jennie
Merrett, Mrs. Martha
Misco, Mrs. Thos. (2) 6c.

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Fitzsimmons, Jas.
Fox, Chas. F.
Fortescue, G. K.
Fyffe, Chas. J.
Freeth, J. W.
Fox, J. E. (2) 3c.
Fox & Goss
Forbes, Chas. (2)
Forrester, N. C.
Gilbert, Jno. V. 3c
Green & Sadler
Gaston, Albert
Gayton, Frank 21c.
Gates, Wm.
Griffin, W.
Goshen, Jas.
Goshan, Peter
Greenwood, Harry
Gein, Louis H. (2)
Gannon, Pete
Grisie, Chas. B.
Gardiner, Dock
Grisel, Louis R.
Greisinger, Fred
Goodall, Prof. M.
Hawley, Jno. (of Rawley Bros.)
Hampton Students, Agent (2)
Hatch, Saml.
Harrison, Charlie (humor.)
Harris, W. C.
Hilton, Gibb.
Harry, Master (female imp.)
Hussey, Frank (2)
Harley, Ned
Hague, Jr., Sam (2)
Hawkins, D. R.
Hoffmeister, P.
Hicks, Chas. H.
Head, H. (circus "biz")
Hagy, H. C.
Humphreys, W. S.
Harris, Wm. D.
Hoskins, Jas.
Harris, C. W. (minstrel "biz")
Hawley, Frank (of Hawley Bros.)
Hunting, Robt.
Holman, Geo.
Haight, F. E.
Herbert, Fred
Henderson, Jas. B.
Humphries, H. R.
Hindley, Tom
Howard, G. C.
Hicks, Chas. B. (2)
Harcourt, G. B.
Hart, Bob 6c.
Hodges, D. S.
Hollins, C. F.
Henri, Master Tommy
Hernandez, A. M.
Hawley, David R.
Hunter, Prof. C.E.
Ingram, Harry
Joel, Alfred
Jefferson, Joe
Judson, Col. E. Z.
Jackley, M. H.
Klaud, Oscar
Kidder, E. K.
Keating, Jas M.
Kerns, Frank
Kiraify, Arnold
Kendall, E. P.
Lusbie, Ben
Locke, Geo. E.
Lorick, Mahler (banjoist)
Lannier, W. H.
Lozardo, Prof.
Lannier, Wm. M. (3)
Le Clereq, Chas.
Lafayette, Edwin A.
Laiscelle, Francis
Lay, S.
Lauvit, Abe
Langdon, T. J.
Lennox, Geo. J. (2)
Middleton, Geo.
McVicker, Jno.
Morris, Geo. W.
McAllister, Prof. M. C. (2)
McDonough, T. (manager)
Morgan, Wm. H.
Manay, Jean B.
Mortimer, J. M.
Mestayer, W. A. 3c.
McWade, Robt.
Murphy, Paddy (comed.)
Moronula, G.
McGill, Wm.
Martin, Saml.
Melville, Harry
Maxwell, Geo. H.
Mackley, Fred
Moore, Little Eddie
Mack, Harry
Mack, Jimmy (clogist)
Murray, Geo. W.
Melton, J. Y.
Mack, Joe H.
Monfordi, Harry L.
Murdy, Sam (tambo)
Moreland, W. W.
Moreland, Harry
Martens, F.
Moulder, Jno. N.
Murray, Tom (Irish Amb.)
Miner, Harry
Nichols, C. T.
Neary, Jas.
Norton, Jos.
Nolan, Mike
Norman, O. H.
Olney, Geo.
O'Reardon, Prof. M. C.
"Panorama" (9)
Price, Mr. and Mrs. Chas.
Potter, C. A. (musician)
Priest, Frank M.
Page, A. D.
Pierce, Wm.
Pastor, Wm.
Perry, Lafe C. M.
Rice's Circus, Manager Dan
Riley, W.
Robinson, A. (manager Europ. Cir.)
Roach, Jas.
Rosario, L.
Rupp, Saml.
"Ricardo"
Reichling, Chas.
Rodgers, Wm. A.
Rice, Dan (2)
Romer, Wm. (of Rey. & Romer)
Riggs, T. Grattan
Rothwell, Tom G.
Rickey, Sam R.
Showers, Andy
Sharp, C. H.
Shirley, W. J. (2)
Saville, Jno. G.
Scott, Geo. H.
Sherry, Jas. (manager)
Sheeran, Master Jas.
Steer, L. M. W. (2)
Sudava, R. W.
St. George, Wm.
Seeley, Chas. (jester)
Siegrist, August (2)
Southgate, Walter (2)
Smith, W. A. T. (2)
Stetz, H. (leader)
Sharpley's Minst. Agent
Stanley, Fred Sinnotte
Shimer, N. B.
Scott, Geo. H.
Stevens, Jno. A.
Saulsbury, Newton
Thatcher, Ned
Tindall, Jesse
Taft, Joe (banjoist)
Titus, Tracy W.
Tompkins, Bros.
Villa, Sam B. (2)
Von Wallhoffen, Baron Emil 33c.
Vee, Jo S.
Villepigue, Jas.
Vine, Chas.
Vail, C.
Vincent, Chas. A.
Victorelli, H.
Vincent, L.
Welling, Charlie J.
Wilson, Lew
Welling, F.
Welch, Fayette
Wilson, Dave (comed.)
Williams, Fred J. (3)
Ward, Will H. (with Dup. & Ben.)
Willis, Jas. K.
Watson, Prof. Wm. (man fish)
Waite, Harry
Winnette, Thos.
Wyman, Alf. (2)
Williams, Harry
Wilson, J. (with Old Joseph Wheelock. E. S. Tarr was quite successful in his portrayal of Ned Blinker, a s an padrone, who lives off the money he forces the people in his power to beg for him in the streets. Mrs. P. Gratian as Mother Blinker, his "pal," was artistically made up, and her conception and embodiment of the character were correct. She made the part one of the most prominent in the play. William Scallan gave a faithful portraiture of the New York criminal rounder. Louis Mestayer was happy in his delineation of Careless, a colored butler. Miss Ida Vernon and Miss Lone Burke carefully acted two orphan sisters, Helen and Louise Carleton, who have a great affection for each other. The abduction of Louise, who is blind, and her restoration to her sister after a long absence, form the chief features of the plot, and afforded both of these ladies ample opportunity for the display of their abilities, of which they availed themselves to the fullest extent. Miss May Arlington as Pert, a lady's maid, was vivacious, and evinced the possession of no little talent for soubrette acting. Miss Proudfoot presented a natural and effective portraiture of Martha Harmon. Miss Edith Challis was dignified and lady-like as Mrs. Le Clair, Mr. Hudson was sufficiently impulsive as the lover, Charles Montague, and James Dunn satisfactorily performed the little required of him as Mr. Le Clair. The other minor characters received due attention. Attendance light, and no immediate change of bill announced. The next attraction will consist of a revival of "Ivanhoe."

BRYANT'S MINSTREL HALL was reopened Saturday evening, June 27, for a benefit to Nelse Seymour and Bob Hart, when, in addition to nearly all of the company of Bryant's Minstrels, Eph Horn, Charles White, and the Borge Brothers volunteered their services, and took part in an entertaining programme, which attracted a good-sized audience.

AT THE HIPPODROME the customary programme was given during the past week up to Friday, when an athletic tournament was commenced at the evening performance, and will continue during all Fridays of this week. There were six contestants for pole-vaulting, and Mr. Frank Duke of the Caledonian Club won the gold medal. R. Carmichael and M. E. Moore of the same club won the second prizes, consisting of silver medals. In the rope-climbing contest, R. Kounze of the New York Turn Verein took the gold medal, the first prize; B. Greig of Wood's Gymnasium won the second; and D. Hageman, the third prize; both silver medals. There were only two entries for the mile-race, which was won by Thomas Harris. Fuller reports of all these feats, as well as those given at the matinee and evening performances on Saturday, may be found in our pedestrian department. This week at the matinee, Monday, the feats will include a half-mile race for boys under sixteen, battoute leaping, rope-climbing, and a half-mile walk. In the evening there will be hand-lifting, pole-climbing, a half-mile race, and a bayonet contest. On Tuesday afternoon there will be a one hundred yards race, a two hundred and twenty yards hop, a three-legged race, putting the heavy shot (16lb). On Tuesday evening there will be wrestling, throwing the heavy hammer, and a professional one-mile walk. On Wednesday afternoon there will be a running high jump, wrestling, and a one-mile race. In the evening wrestling, a running high jump, and a hurdle race will comprise the sports. On Thursday afternoon there will be a four hundred and forty yard race, a one-mile walk, the wrestling contests will be terminated, "La Savatte" (the French manner of self-defense) will be illustrated, and the contests will be brought to a conclusion in the evening by a single dumb-bell and bag race, a potato jump contests, and hurdle racing. Feats by the New York letter-carriers will be commenced on Friday evening, and three performances will be given on July 4.

THE EIGHTEENTH SEASON of Bryant's Minstrels closed with the performances of Wednesday evening June 24. Previous to opening Dan Bryant took his annual benefit at Booth's Theatre, when he had the assistance of a number of ladies and gentlemen of the dramatic profession; among them George De Vere, W. H. Bokee, C. Villiers, G. L. Comstock, Mrs. A. Hind, and the Misses Ada Monk, Minnie Palmer and Marie Fisher. The bill comprised "The Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy," with Dan Bryant as Tim O'Brien and Handy and Andy; "School" by Bryant's Minstrels, a ballad by Eugene, "shoo Fly" by Dan Bryant and Dave Reed, and a burlesque oration by Unsworth. The attendance was large.

THE SEASON AT THE COMIC THEATRE closed with the performances of June 27. Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels, somewhat reinforced, formed the attractions of the past week. In the first part, ballads, comic, sentimental and pathetic songs were given by the Misses Sallie Adams, Lizzie Shelton, Miss Mortimer and Blanche Stanley, and Messrs. Pendy, J. A. Barney and A. J. Talbot. In the olio Jule Keen gave his Dutch specialties; Sallie Adams performed banjo solos, with songs; Hattie Forrest sang seriocomic songs; A. J. Talbot delivered a stump speech; May Florence was seen to advantage in songs and dances; Pendy gave his character songs; Blanche Stanley vocalized; Lizzie Shelton gave a skipping-rope dance; Marian Requea sang songs; and the farce of "The Fool of the Family"—with Gertie Granville, Ada Freeman, James Vincent, Jule Keen and John Pendy in the cast—and the entertainments. Mme. Rentz received a benefit on Saturday evening, when a number of volunteers appeared. The next season will be opened in August, when Tony Pastor and his traveling troupe will perform for two weeks, and they will be followed by a powerful company.

THE HEARING in the case of Manager Niblo against Chas. R. Thorne, Jr., manager of Niblo's Garden, to show cause why the injunction restraining him from performing "The Two Orphans" should not be made perpetual, was adjourned from Saturday morning last to Friday, July 3.

FRED. G. MAERDER will arrive in this city on July 7 to arrange time for the coming season for Joseph Murphy, Ella Wesner, Louise Sylvester and other attractions.

OFF FOR EUROPE.—Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bryant and their five children, Miss Fitzgibbon (Mrs. Bryant's sister); Tracy W. Titus, Harry Allen and J. W. Ahlin, manager of Mrs. Oates' company; Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clay Ford (Blanche Chapman), and Frank Arthur, late advance agent for John E. Owens, sailed in the steamship Italy on June 27.

MISS ALICE COSTINEDDIA, one of the riders in the hurdle race at Barnum's Roman Hippodrome, was seriously injured on the afternoon of Thursday, June 25. In leaping one of the hurdles, her horse, Castor, struck against one of the rails, pitched headlong over the barrier, fell upon the earth on his head, broke his neck, and died instantly. The rider was thrown with the animal's body, but could extricate herself from the trappings the horses ridden by her companions had leaped the hurdle, and the fore feet of one of the animals struck the prostrate girl on the breast and head. As soon as possible the injured girl, in an insensible condition, was conveyed to a room in the Hippodrome, and medical attendance was immediately summoned. After her wounds had been partially dressed, she was conveyed in a carriage to the residence of her brother-in-law. At our latest advices she was reported as slightly improving. The horse Castor was a thoroughbred imported from England, and was quite valuable.

LAKE GARDEN, Thirty-fourth street and Fourth avenue, is advertised to rent for the Summer months.

MESSRS. SIMMONDS & WALL, dramatic agents, 609 Broadway, want specialty artists, ballet ladies, etc., for Bidwell & McDonough's South American tour, as will be seen by their advertisement.

COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, dramatic agent, 9 West Fourth street, announces, through our business department, that Marie Zoe, who has added to her repertoire a new play entitled "The Corsair's Revenge," and Chas. B. Griste, advance agent, can be engaged for next season; also that artists are wanted by Signor Pierpont, manager of Dr. Allen Thorne, proved that he was a useful and capable representative of oldmen characters. A. H. Sheldon's sensational drama of "Wealth and Crime" was revived on Friday afternoon and filled out the week. "Buffalo Bill" in "The Scouts of the Plains" is announced to commence an engagement on June 29.

PROF. TOBIN'S LECTURES, "The Cabinet Mystery," Logrenia the magician, the marionettes, the spirit hand, the trained canary birds, the Sphinx, and the cycloramic painting of "London by Night," with the storm accompanied by lightning and thunder, have continued the chief features of the entertainments at the Colosseum since our last report.

GUSTAVE FROHMAN, formerly of *The New York Tribune* and *Standard*, who is now manager of Callender's Georgia Minstrels, arrived in the city on June 25, and will shortly join the company at Buffalo, N. Y.

M. C. CAMPBELL of the "Original Campbell Minstrels" recently had a tumor, weighing two pounds and a half, removed from his shoulder. We are pleased to learn that he is now convalescing.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, a new play entitled "The Two Sisters, or the Deformed," was acted for the first time on any stage on June 22, and it ran during the week. The scene of the piece was laid in this city—the play was creditably mounted, and was acted with the following cast:

Mr. Le Clair	James Dunn
Charles Montague	Mr. Hudson
Dr. De Lumiere	Mr. Brutone
Mr. Frank Morton	Mr. Collins
Harry Watson	Mr. Rosenc
Albert Powel	Mr. James
Jack Blinker	Joseph Wheelock
Ned Blinker	E. S. Tarr
Snoozer	Wm. Scallan
Blinkey	Mr. Martin
Careless	L. Mestayer
Policeman	Mr. Waters
Harry Hudson, William Scallan, Miss Proudfoot, Mrs. H. P. Grattan and Miss May Arlington were added to the company. The opportunity for the display of histrionic ability was confined to few characters. Jack Blinker, a deformed beggar, who was entirely controlled by his brother, was splendidly acted by	
Walter	Mr. Rooney
Mrs. Le Clair	Miss Edith Challis
Helen Carleton	Miss Ida Vernon
Louise Carleton	Miss Ione Burke
Martha Harmon	Miss Proudfoot
Mother Blinker	Mrs. H. P. Grattan
Pert	Miss May Arlington
Milly	Miss Palmer
Fanny	Miss Engel

Elsler's Academy of Music, Cleveland; Mrs. Berrell of Robinson's Opera-house, Cincinnati; T. R. Hann of the Western Theatres; F. Montford and Neil Grey will support the Wallace Sisters—Jennie, Minnie and Max I—in John Brougham's dramatization of Charles Dickens' story of "Little Dorrit," next season.

SPANS and combinations desiring to travel through the South Atlantic circuit are referred to Harry Watkins' card in another column.

BAKER AND FARRON and a dramatic company are to perform at Jackson, Mich., July 1, Lansing 2, Bay City 3, East Saginaw 4, 6, Flint 7, Pontiac 8.

THE HELEN D'ESTE DRAMATIC COMBINATION closed their season at Grafton, W. Va., June 20, Miss D'Este going to her home in Racine, Wis. The company began a Summer season under canvas at Fairmount, W. Va., June 23, Miss Julie Coventry supplying Miss D'Este's place. F. M. Cottrill, late of Wildman's Comedy Company, joined the party there, as did a brass band and orchestra. Route: Morgantown June 29, 30, July 1, thence down the Monongahela River to Goldsboro, Geneva, Brownsville and Monangahela City, Pa. Harry Mack, the treasurer, was presented on June 20 with a gold-headed cane by the company.

JOHNSON'S OPERA-HOUSE COMBINATION is to give two performances on July 4 at the Griswold Opera-house, Troy, N. Y.

AT THE QUINN'S THEATRE, Toronto, Can., "The Octoroon" was the attraction during the past week up to June 26. J. R. Spackman's Pete is an exceptionally fine performance, and the Salem Scudder of T. J. Herndon is as good a portrayal of the character as has ever been witnessed in this city, being easy and natural, and not the conventional stage Yankee. The support was good throughout, particularly J. H. Mulligan as McCloy, Allan Halford as Wahnotee and Burton Adams as George Peyton. With the addition of good music and scenery, it attracted fair audiences. On the 26th Spackman filled the house in every part, the occasion being his benefit. The bill comprised "The Serious Family," with the beneficiary as Aminadab Sleek—the leading performance of the Temperance Temple, June 25. The house was but moderately filled, owing, probably, to the extreme warm weather. Mr. Stanley has a fine baritone voice, and his specialty "The Old Slave's Lament" was received with applause. Among the volunteers were Frank Rutledge, Ned Bennett, Geo. F. Campbell, Will Spencer, Ed. Wilson, Kennedy and Walters, Chas. Wattell, Everhart and Spencer, Leonard and Browning, Hyde Bros., and Allen and Millan.....Delaney's Novelty Company, mention of which was made some two weeks ago, returned to this city on June 20. Their route was laid out until Sept. 1, but, having met with poor success, the idea was abandoned.

THE CLARK SISTERS, Conners and Lewis, and Miss Lydia Webster compose the new attractions at the Olympic Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., since June 22. A minstrel scene commences the entertainments, Jas. Porter being bones, Ned West tambo, and Chas. Harrington interlocutor. Sadie St. Clair, Nellie Webster, Josie Warner and others take part in this performance. The Lopez Family, Sadie O'Neal and the rest of the company appear afterwards in an olio entertainment. James Porter is now the lessee and manager of this house, and the prices of admission have been materially reduced, which has had the effect of improving the attendance.....Tom Harper, Miss Abby Sonts, Add Weaver and son, Jamie Roche and Annie Gray were the new people at Martin's New Variety Theatre on June 22. The performances during the first nights of the week closed with James Roche's specialty of "The Yankee Peddler," with Mr. Roche as Hiram Dodge. Miss Minnie Loder will be the recipient of a benefit on June 26.....Trimble's Varieties Theatre closed for the season on June 20. Advices dated June 26.

AT MORTIMER'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, business continued good during the week ending June 27, the only real new face being that of John H. Carle, who was favorably received in his banjo solos and specialties, The week ending July 4 is announced as the last of a season of forty-seven weeks, much of the success met with during the past two years being attributed to the services of the manager, Mr. W. G. Gilmore. Miss Kate Raymond will play a farewell engagement this week, appearing in "Mazeppa." The O'Donahue opening June 29 in his Irish specialties.

MATCH CLOG-DANCE.—On June 26, at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, John Williams and John H. Clark had a match clog-dance for a purse of $100; the referees, Andy Hughes, decreeing that Williams excelled in execution, variety of steps and time. The decision gave dissatisfaction to Clark, who has issued a challenge to dance Williams or anyone else for from $100 to $500 a side.

A COLORED VARIETY COMBINATION gave a couple of performances at Price's Varieties, Philadelphia, June 22, 23, and then closed for lack of patronage.

THE GARDEN MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, is now doing a good business with the following company: Billy Wright, Dan Howard, Jim Johnson, Georgie Wright, Kittie Smith, Kate Brookes, Minnie Lee, Kate Fulton and Minnie Johnson.

J. M. MORTIMER of the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, was before Alderman Carpenter in that city, June 22, charged with threatening Robert Fox of the American Theatre, and he was then held in $800 bail to keep the peace.

JOSEPH M. MORTIMER and H. W. Kanaga, proprietors of the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, were held to bail on the 26th ult. on the charge of exhibiting the "cancan" at their theatre. J. M. Mortimer was also charged with exhibiting a similar piece at the Varieties in that city. The accused were each held in $1,000 bail for trial.

THE STUART SISTERS, Miss Alice Alston and J. H. Huntley were the features added to the programme presented at the Grand Central Variety Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending June 27. The Stuart Sisters sang and acted with considerable spirit and efficacy, Miss Alston is a pleasing young dancseuse, while J. H. Huntley ably sustained the title-role in his drama of "Wrestling Joe," closing his engagement June 27. The week ending July 4 is announced as the last of the season, Spencer Pritchard in his sensational drama of "Ins or Outs, or I'm There," being the novel attraction.

MLLE. SANYEAH, the Japanese contortionist, the Richmond Sisters, John Conkling, Archie Fall, Johnnie Steele, wite and child, Johnnie Clark and Annie Clark, Jno. Clark, stage manager; Harry Riblett, general manager; and Joe Strasser, proprietor, will be the company and officers who will commence a season at the Rink, Fort Wayne, Ind., on July 6.

THE VERY WARM WEATHER decreased the attendance at all places of amusement in Louisville, Ky., the past week, and for the first time since its opening the Vaudeville Theatre has done a losing business. Rosa Lee was the only new appearance on June 22, and she received a very cordial reception.

JOHN R. LANE and his variety company from Rochester, N. Y., are to commence a brief season at Erie, Pa., on June 29.

AT LONG BRANCH, N. J., Mr. Louis Schmulling, the proprietor of the Sans Souci Hotel, has erected a neat little theatre for dramatic and variety purposes. The auditorium is 60x38ft. and the stage 25x38ft. It is well stocked with scenery, and the footlights are sunken. The auditorium is plainly but tastily decorated, three colors only being used, and is very well ventilated. No glass windows are used, but in their stead are lattice shutters, so that a breeze on either side of the hall is unobstructed, the air circulates freely through the auditorium. Monroe Dempster is the manager, and Louis Schmulling, Jr., the treasurer. The theatre was opened for the first time on Thursday evening, June 25, with the following company: Minnie Oscar Burns, leading lady; Ida Seymour Schofield, soubrette and vocalist; Rose Cohen, seriocomic; Monroe Dempster, vocalist; J. C. Jackson, stage manager and comedian; W. H. Stuart, light comedian; Andy Leavitt, banjoist and Ethiopian comedian; Joe Buckley, comedian; Howard Brollus, clog and song-and-dance; Prof. Prince, leader of orchestra; H. G. Lahart, properties; and John Hyland, leader of orchestra. The attendance was large on the opening night. Miss Burns and Miss Schofield were presented with baskets of flowers. W. H. Higgins commences an engagement on June 29 in "Out of the Fire."

AT THE DETROIT (Mich.) THEATRE COMIQUE there were added to its regular forces on June 22 James and Baby McDonald, who are first-class in every respect; Helene Revere, jiggist, fair; Billy Carroll, banjoist, very fine; Billy Harris, a great favorite here two years ago, and none the less now; Joe Norton, juggler, who has improved wonderfully, and now ranks equal with his veteran brother Nick; James Rowland, gymnast, did not arrive until 25th; he made a good impression a few months ago, and still holds it. Business very fair. James and Baby McDonald close June 27, going to Grand Rapids, Mich. Manager Bird is announced for June 29, states our correspondent under date of June 26.

LANE'S THEATRE, Rochester, N. Y., will reopen on June 29 with the following company under the management of John R. Lane, with John H. Rogers as stage-manager: Williams and Hadford, Mlle. Estelle, Fanny Gilmore, Tom McEntee, J. H. Rogers, Paddy Murphy, Little Chubb and Miss Lillie. Mr. Lane opens a variety theatre in Erie, Pa., on the same date.

THE NEW FACES at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., the past week were Green and Saddler, song and-dance men, who have been the features, and N. B. Forrest, acrobatic clog dance, who was also well received. Miss Carrie Lavarnie has been giving Grecian statues. The Curry Brothers remain. There have been no departures. Lulu Francis and Tom Harper were billed, but failed to appear. The new ballet by Cellini is very attractive. Owing to the extremely hot-weather business has been only fair.....At Deagle's Theatre, John A. Thompson, comedian; Nolan and Sherry, song-and-dance artists; La Petite Rosa, vocalist; and Eddy Haley, song-and-dance, who made her new faces. The ballet under Prof. Gutbelet was good. The double-clog of Nolan and Sherry seems to be a feature. Chas. Mulgro has gone to the Hot Springs, Arkansas, for his health. A spectacular pantomime by Jacques Kruger, introducing over one hundred in the ballet, is underlined for next week. Correspondence dated June 25.

A SLIGHT DECREASE in attendance was perceptible at the Washington Varieties, Providence, R. I., the past week. Alice Gleason and Gussie Lameraux were the new people, and became great favorites. The French Twins closed June 27. Cerito and Frank Harrison are announced for June 29. Johnny and Jennie Moran have been added to Thornton's Novelty Combination.

HARRY AND LEONIE MENDEL, Dutch character artists, now performing at the Academy of Music, Grand Rapids, Mich., advertise that they can be engaged after Aug. 3.

RELIABLE advertises for an engagement with a variety troupe.

VARIETY TALENT is wanted at Germania Varieties, Scranton, Pa., as per card of Harry Weeks.

THE CLAIRE SISTERS are to be engaged at the Olympic Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., where they can be addressed.

NEILL MONTAGUE, who advertises, wants to engage variety talent, an acting stage-manager, and an advance agent.

KIRK AND DREW were the only fresh arrivals at the Theatre Comique, Toledo, June 22. Lilly Linden was billed to appear, but for some reason, as yet unexplained, failed to arrive. Kirk and Drew in their songs-and-dances are very good; they also do an excellent straight double-clog and a fine double pedestal-clog. Frank and Eva Bennett close June 27, and go to Detroit. Flora McDonald closes same date, and remains in the city. Ella Sheldon and Nellie Edwards same date, and go to Bay City. Geo. W. Wray, the Reed Sisters, Jennie Leslie, and Fontaine and Bertraux (Indian box trick), are to open June 29. The Comique Company show at Tiffen June 29, July 1. THE SUMMER GARDEN COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a splendid business during the past week. The new appearances on June 22 were Lou Sanford, serio-comic vocalist; Ada Laurent, character dancer; Smith and Waldron, song-and-dance; Josie Farron, Emma Gertrude, Antoinette Kurtz, Alice Lavall and Maggie Blake, dancers. Miss Sanford is pretty, sings fairly, and dresses in good taste. Miss Laurent is an excellent dancer, and appears in an act entitled "Dancing as it Is and Was," portraying eight distinct characters, and executes seven opposite styles of dancing. Her changes are complete and instantaneously made. Smith and Waldron, in songs-and-dances, are very popular. The others are old favorites, and were favorably received. The departures on June 27 were Ada Laurent and the Robinson Family, the latter going to Baltimore. J. S. Edwards, B. S. Hodges, Emma Bruce and the Brandt Sisters are announced for June 29.....The new appearances at the Metropolitan

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, June 29, '74.

Dull is no word for it—A more disastrous Summer season was probably never known. Managers that have generally pulled through the heated months, with a small margin of profit, if nothing else, placed to the credit of enterprising speculators and orthodox managers, have this Summer been forced into liquidation, if we may so express it, owing to the lukewarmness of theatrical habitues and the frigid coldness of the strangers in our midst. First-class houses that commenced a short Summer-campaign have already found it long enough, and managers have come out of it shorter than the term they announced with such a flourish of red-hot posters, flaming pronunciamentos, and other seasonable manifestations. Wallack's melted into nothingness, the past week, and the manager met his "Fate" in a becoming manner when he abruptly closed the house with the performance of Saturday evening, June 27. The Olympic, which has striven nobly against adverse circumstances all season, and which seldom experienced, put up the shutters on the same date, and will at once prepare for the Fall campaign. The Theatre Comique will jog along another week in order to take in 4th of July and some of the strangers visiting the metropolis for the Centennial, and will wind up with the closing scenes of the glorious 4th. Fourth of July week is the saddest of all the glad new year; but the day we celebrate is looked forward to as good for a thousand or so; hence, managers endeavor to jog along until Independence day and night go out with the tide, and are seen no more. However, with the termination of the current week will terminate the season of more than half the houses now open throughout the country. And yet it must not be imagined that the manager is idle in his retirement; that the actress is sleeping the Summer hours away in her seclusion; or that the actor is leaving himself in the hands of cobblers and mint juleps. No, indeed; they are all hard at work, laying out plans for the future, studying new parts, and otherwise combining business with pleasure. The poor player's work is never done until Death rounds him off with a full stop, and although he gets a period to his earthly existence, to the sea-shore and watch the movements of the actor—on the beach his voice may be heard above the ocean's roar; and on the mountain top and hill-side he soars above the souls of sordid men, and declaims to his heart's content, while the echo of his thunder tones reverberates through the valleys, and he stands, monarch of all he surveys, until the dinner bell rings, when he drops from his high estate, and flops down, with the common mortal, to the discussion of corned beef and cabbage. See you fair Juliet, as in embowered woods she stately walks in her lonely rounds, chewing gum and running over her lines for the coming season's opening play. Even the man of song-and-dance, exhilarated by the pure air of the sea, sings a lively heel-and-toe as he passes along "the pebbly strand," or sings his latest sensation as he catches crabs or bobs for eels in purling streams and murmuring rivulets and things. Let them alone in their privacy—seek not to disturb their Summer dreams—they will be here anon, "when the melancholy days are come," when the houses are again set in motion, and the ghost walks. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," sagely remarked sweet Avon's bard. Therefore, let us hope that the present lull in the show world may result in the opening up of rich placers and golden nuggets in the season to come. .....Hot weather maddens men and women just as it is alleged to maddon dogs. What would be the result were the operations of our dog laws extended to the human species, and muzzles put on rabid men and women! Failing to effect a cure in such a way, what if brother Bergh's treatment were adopted, and the refractory ones asphyxiated! Two rival managers in Philadelphia have been affected by the heat or something else, and not finding the proper relief in the legal tribunals, one managed to chew the other's ear off! Was there method in his madness? Ear hath not heard the end of it all. On Saturday last, over in our sister city of Brooklyn, an actor who had for a long time been putting an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains, suddenly put a pistol to his head to steal away his life! Verily, verily, let us give pause.....Another atrocious judge has come to light. This time he figures in San Francisco. A young girl, a female vocalist, became reduced in circumstances, and couldn't pay up the rent demanded by "a grasping landlord." The vile myrmidons of the law seized her things, including—what she prized higher than life itself—a scrap-book containing favorable newspaper notices of her public performances. The sweet singer entered suit to recover this treasure, but the unholy judge dismissed the suit! And yet even he has hopes of reading his title clear to mansions in the skies. We have no words sufficiently explicit to express our opinion of this judge and his impious act.....An unhappy bill-poster was fined ten dollars last Saturday for defacing natural landscapes by posting his bills on street gaslight posts along Fifth avenue. How different the lot of another knight of the paste and brush; for he, having married a lady just suited to his mind, has left off *billing*, and gone to *cooing*!.....And now that the dog's star rages, instead of the stage star, let us break the news gently to Mr. Bergh that Shylock was the first man to demand a *Pound*. 'Tis so announce-d by the immortal Shakespeare, and 'twas even so in the bond.....And this reference to bull-pups reminds us of a touching incident in the busy life of "Our Jim." One day the genial youth suddenly came upon two pet terriers, who were sweetly slumbering. Did the boy shoot 'em? Did he kick 'em? Did he set a bigger dog on 'em? No! For that, said he, would have inaugurated a *reign of terrier*! What did he do? He let 'em alone, merely remarking that their condition reminded him of a fire engine, because it was a *nap o'ratters!* [An apparatus.—ED. CLIP.] .....A man who went West, and couldn't get back, sends us quite a lengthy communication concerning the people out there, and shows, and other little games. From his babbling we extract a few lines anent

YE ANCIENT "BUCKER."

Old sport, who in Wisconsin State
The festive "chip" is "stacking,"
Although you live in "*Pond du Lac*,"
We never *found you* lacking
In any of the elements
That make a man of common sense.

.....Theatrical disasters have been very numerous this season, and many a house has gone down with all on the *boards*. In such a time of peril how refreshing it is to read on the bills of the Theatre Comique the announcement—Little's "Saved from the Wreck!" Even this Little affords us a saving clause..... How's this? The Colosseum announces a *third* performance for the *fourth!*.....And talking about the 4th, Niblo's promises the new play of "Ivanhoe." "Our Jim" says: "*Ive

Varieties, June 22, were Minnie Hall, vocalist; Georgie May and La Petite Florence. Business fair. Charles Gallagher and Jennie Burdell closed June 27, to go to the Baltimore Opera-house. The announcements for June 29 are Ed. Aldine, Lizzie Aldine, C. F. Hall and Maggie Wesner. The French cancan will be produced on the same date. Advices dated June 28.

A TRIANGULAR CONTEST was waged between Grover, Stetson, and Josh Hart (who opened here a week earlier than reported in my last letter) during the past week in Chicago, Ill. At the Adelphi Billy Rice—always a prime attraction—reappeared, and the new features were the Jackleys, acrobats, and Herr Urthan, a phenomenon who handles a violin and bow with his toes, paradoxical though it reads. "Robinson Crusoe" was the pantomime, and they played very late to very good houses.....John Stetson's company at the Academy is the strongest variety company in the city, and is doing a fair business. Gus Williams, Rickey and Barney are providing the best of the entertainment. Stetson is plucky, and will stick it out; but Josh Hart's company pulls up stakes Saturday night, and retires from the field. Hart has an excellent company, and among them great favorites; for instance, Harrigan and Hart, Mackin and Wilson and the Foy Sisters, who played at Grover's last Winter. Ned Kendall is ahead of the party, and knows his business; but it is something wrong between the management and the city press, and, however excellent the troupe may be, they get no praise. James McKee of this party will join the Berger Family in the Fall.....The Chicago Theatre was the weak vessel, and went ashore in the middle of last week. Even the sensational act of Lulu failed to save the doomed house, and Leon De Leon rues his brief career as a manager to the extent of several hundred dollars. Rumor saith Billy Clapp and Charley Gardner have taken the house, with what view no one can tell just yet.....Inspired by the failure of the Chicago, the New National Varieties, an ephemeral institution on Canal street, has taken a lease of life. The success of the Great Adelphi has produced a species of insanity here, which expresses itself in opening variety halls and closing them up after giving one or two entertainments. Advices dated June 25.

SUSIE STARR, Victoria Ross, Agnes May and Tommy Neil opened at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., June 22. The company is now so large, that when seated in the first part they make a double semi-circle across the stage. The ballads, songs and choruses, gags, etc., were all of the modern type, and creditably given. In the olio, among the most notable features are the fancy dances of Susie Starr. We would also mention the dancing of Victoria Ross, who has become quite a favorite. The double dances of Mlle. Ross and Susie Starr are redemanded nightly. Business good. Departures after June 27: Gilday and Gineven, to Bay City, Mich.; Frank Upton, Fontaine and Barteaux to Toledo.....John Foster, who has been in this city for the past two weeks, will probably remain all Summer, in consequence of illness.....A party styling themselves Hussey & Rosario's Constellation have been showing to light audiences, at Brainard's Opera-house, since June 23.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Montreal, Ont., business has been flourishing during the past week, the large number of strangers in town for the celebration of St. Jean Baptist's day having greatly increased the attendance. Ling Look, Vandiva, Harry Watson, Lizzy Sherman and Amy De Brent, the new arrivals, with the other members of the company, form a strong combination, and are nightly received with much favor. The new arrangements, under business manager J. J. Slocum, are an improvement upon what they have been heretofore. Departures, Kitty Sarbro, Eustace, and Rose Melville. Minnie Jackson and George Atkins go to New York, June 27. Advices dated June 26.

AT THE MUSIC HALL, Utica, N. Y., Carrie Herbert in her serio-comic songs has proved a good card. Vic Reynolds, Joe Horning, Lou West and Geo. Reynolds in their several specialties have given satisfaction. No departures and no new announcements. Carrie Herbert has been re-engaged for two weeks. Business has been first-class.

THE GERMANIA VARIETIES, Scranton, Pa., which closed on June 13, has been leased and opened by Harry Weeks, the former stage-manager. The company the past week comprised Joe and Annie Mack, Harry Gardner, Kate Moreste, Annie and Harry Weeks. On June 29 Dave McCoy, Minnie Hassen, and Lillie May opened. During the vacation Mr. Weeks placed two large ventilators in the roof of the building.

TALENT is wanted for the Columbia Varieties, Brooklyn, N. Y. See advertisement.

THE WINNETTS, song-and-dance artists, can be addressed care of this office.

MILLIE AND FRED COSTELLO are performing at Smith's Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich., where they can be addressed.

PENDY commenced an engagement at the Grand Central Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 29.

GROSS & DITTMAN advertise for lady vocalists and gymnasts.

MAGGIE WESTON, character and change vocalist, advertises that she will be at liberty to accept engagements after July 4.

ELLA IRVING, Minnie Williams, and Harry Blakely opened at the Varieties, Norfolk, Va., on June 22; but their services were dispensed with after their first performance. Charley Saunders, song-and-dance, opened June 25.

TONY PASTOR and his traveling company are to continue the present week at Cincinnati, O., and then perform at Chicago, Ill., for two weeks, beginning July 6.

THE BENSLEY BROS., trapezists, can be addressed as per card elsewhere.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS commenced a season of four nights and one matinée this week, opening house on June 24. The night was very warm, and the attendance was not satisfactory. Fifteen people were seen in the first part, with Fayette Welch and George Wilson on the ends. The singing of the California Quartet was a prominently good feature. The olio performances were full of novelties, and consisted of "Old Black Joe," by Mitt. G. Barlow, assisted by J. W. Freeth; "Rebecca Jane," by Goss and Fox; "Hamlet and His Ma," by Geo. Wilson and J. W. Freeth; an act by Fayette Welch, in which he skillfully played on a variety of musical instruments; vocal selections, by the California Quartet; "Darkey Life," by Messrs. Canfield and Cooper; and the entertainment concluding with the farce of "Household Troubles," introducing the company in a plantation festival. Letter dated June 26.

J. H. HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS are booked for the Grand Opera-house, Harrisburg, Pa., on Wednesday evening, July 15.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS commenced an engagement of three nights at Masonic Temple, Louisville, Ky., on June 23, and have done a very fair business. On the 24th, St. John's Day, they gave two performances for the benefit of the Masonic Widows and Orphans' Home, which will certainly be remembered whenever they revisit that city.

JOHNNY ALLEN'S COSMOPOLITAN MINSTRELS are to appear at Albany, N. Y., July 2, 3, 4, giving a matinee on the latter date.

CHARLIE BACKUS of the San Francisco Minstrels is rusticating at Rochester, N. Y.

THE HAMPTON SINGERS are billed to appear at Mercantile Library Hall, St. Louis, Mo., June 29, 30.

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS are billed at Rochester, N. Y., for July 3, 4.

HARRY & ROMAN'S SPECIALTY TROUPE showed at Rochester, N. Y., June 23, to a fair-sized audience. Route: Oswego, N. Y., 29, Watertown 30, Ogdensburg July 1, Pottsdam 2, Plattsburg 3, Malone 4.

CIRCUSES.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS exhibited at Fitchburg, Mass., June 22, Ayer Junction 23, Manchester, N. H., 24, Lawrence, Mass., 25, Haverhill 26, Great Falls, N. H., 27. Route: Portland, Me., 29, Augusta 30, Skowhegan July 1, Waterville 2, Bangor 3, 4. C. A. Potter the programme agent is commended for the thorough manner in which he circulates *Murray's Illustrated News*.

THE EUROPEAN ZOOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION, ETC., under the management of the Sells Brothers, showed at Indiana, Pa., June 24, Blairsville 25, Latrobe 26, Greensburg 27, Route: Monongahela City 29, Washington 30, Jacksonville July 1, Waynesburg 2, Blocksville, W. Va., 3, Morgantown 4, Fairmont 6, Clarksburg 7. The business for the past four weeks is reported as having been large, and they were compelled to add two 50ft. middle-pieces to the tent to accommodate their audiences.

ACCIDENT TO THE NEW YORK AND NEW ORLEANS CIRCUS.—This show travels by two railroad trains, and the first started from Fort Dodge, Ia., on the night of June 20. About half an hour after they left, the management received a telegram that the train was off the track. On the arrival of the second train at the scene of the disaster they learned that a switch, five miles from Fort Dodge, had been left open. The engine was thrown down an embankment some twelve feet high, and was completely wrecked. The engineer escaped by jumping off, but the fireman was severely injured. Four flat cars were also thrown off the track, and their contents and bird cages were discovered upside down in a ditch. The glass wagon was the only thing badly damaged. The men and performers worked bravely for ten hours, and the wreck was removed, the cages were reloaded, and the company arrived in Mount Sterling, Ill., in time for the afternoon exhibition on June 22. They are to show at Erie, Pa., July 10.

BACKENSTOSE'S MUSEUM OF LIVING WONDERS, Wild Animals and Minstrel Show were to have been exhibited at Fort Concho, Texas, on June 22. They are on their way to New Mexico, traveling overland a distance of about six hundred miles from that point over a wild Indian country, with but three military posts intervening. This is the first show in the shape of circus or menagerie that has ever visited the Concho, a correspondent informs us. Charles Kirrod, George Rowan, Dick Western and Harry Little, also the Little Brothers, are with the party.

THE GREAT SOUTHERN CIRCUS is to show at Pottsville, Pa., July 4.

G. F. BAILEY'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE showed at Dunkirk, N. Y., June 24, Cherry Creek 25, Randolph 26, Salamanca 27.

MAGINLEY & CO.'S COMBINED SHOWS AND MENAGERIE are to show at Great Falls, N. H., July 13, Saco, Me., 14, Portland 15, Brunswick 16, Bath 17, Lewiston 18, Augusta 20, Gardiner 21, Waldoboro 22, Thomaston 23, Rockland 24, Camden 25, Belfast 27, Winterport 28, Bangor 29, Bucksport 30, Ellsworth 31, Cherryfield Aug. 1, Machias 3, Pembroke 4, Eastport 5, Calais 6.

W. B. GARDNER AND R. E. STEELE have arranged for excursion trains over every road entering Fort Wayne, Ind., for the benefit of persons desiring to visit the great International circus, which shows there July 4; three entertainments will be given—morning, noon and night.

ROBERT MCCORMICK, boss-canvasman with Wilson's Palace Amphitheatre Circus, had his arm broken at Fairfield, Cal., June 12.

MR. J. D. SWEET—proprietor of the Great Southern Circus and Menagerie—with wife and family, paid a flying visit to this city on June 27, en route to his newly purchased farm at New Brunswick, N. J. He rejoins the company at Pottsville, Pa., on July 4.

BUCKLEY'S HIPPODROME AND WORLD'S RACE FESTIVAL were to be seen at St. Paul, Minn., June 20. The features of the show are novel, and are generally devoid of the attractions that characterize a circus performance. They performed at Winona La Crosse 25, Portage 26, Madison 27, Route: Watertown 29, Oshkosh 30, Green Bay July 1, Appleton 2, Fond du Lac 3, Milwaukee 4, Chicago for one week commencing 6.....The Iroquois chief Black Eagle, one of the band of Indians connected with this show, was run over and killed by a railroad train at Owatonna, Minn., June 23. He is supposed to have been intoxicated. Advices dated June 24.

P. T. BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR AND CIRCUS has been heavily billed in Montreal (giving the city quite a panoramic appearance) to open July 6, for four days.

WHILE GRADY'S CIRCUS was exhibiting at Montrose, Ia., on June 18, it is reported that the balloon which was about to ascend took fire on the top, and the assistants letting go their hold of the ropes, the balloon fell over upon the sideshow tent, which took fire, and everything therein save the box-constrictor was destroyed. We give the report as it was received.

COOPER & CHAPIN'S COLOSSAL GOLDEN Show and Universal Equestrian Congress is the name by which Chapin's Show will in the future be known. Route: Prairie du Chien, Wis., July 4, McGregor 5, W. Union 7, Charles City 8, Mason City 9, Northwood 10, Austin, Minn., 11. Joe Tinkham and wife have joined the company, and George W. Hall's California Exposition and Annual Show has been added. John M. Hickey is the general agent; Orrin F. Hall, assistant; George L. Alexander chief billposter; and R. A. Hunt, programme agent.

DON RICE'S CIRCUS exhibited at Cleveland, O., June 26, 27.

P. T. BARNUM received a complimentary banquet at Bridgeport, Ct., on Thursday evening, June 25. A large number of invited guests were present from all parts of the country, and during the day, under the attentive care of Mr. Barnum's sons-in-law, Messrs. Nathan Seeley and D. W. Thompson, and his private secretary, Mr. J. J. Gorham, they visited Waldemere, the beautiful ground and residence of Mr. Barnum, and the three pretty estates of his daughters, which are known as Petrel's Nest, Beechcraft and Warwood. Mr. S. H. Hurd, another son-in-law of Mr. Barnum, and the treasurer of the Hippodrome, arrived late in the afternoon. At 8 o'clock, at the Atlantic House, some 200 guests sat down to a magnificent banquet, which was served without wines or intoxicating drinks. Mayor B. T. Clark presided, and many toasts were drank and speeches made.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE is to be built by the Oddfellows at Portsmouth, O. It will have a parquet, dress-circle, and gallery on three sides, and will seat 1,380 persons. It will be dedicated some time next November.

MISS ANNIE IRISH was presented at New Bedford, Mass., on June 20, by the members of the company traveling with Burke's Tableaux of Erin, with a gold and coral watch chain and earrings as a token of their appreciation of that lady's professional and private worth. Their season closed on that date.

THE HEYWOOD BROS. COMBINATION performed at Ticonderoga, Me., June 27, Rockland 29, and are billed with Murray's Circus at Bangor, July 4, Ellsworth 6, thence by wagon to Cherryfield, Machias, Pembroke, etc. A number of performers in all branches of the business are advertised for.

MUSIC HALL, Dayton, O., is now open for rental. The terms, open dates, etc., can be obtained by addressing J. Harry Thomas, as per card.

MUSIC HALL, Pittston, Pa., can be rented through Messrs. Howell & Campbell, who advertise. It is furnished with a stage, scenery, dressing-rooms, etc., and will hold twelve hundred persons.

DAVID HAWLEY, gymnast, will find a communication from E. S. Washburn published in our business department.

HOWORTH'S HIBERNICA was at Bancock, L. S., Mich., June 22, 23, Houghton 24, 25, Marquette 26, 27, Ronte: Ishpenning 29, 30, Peshtigo, Wis., July 1, 2, Green Bay 3, 4, Stevens Point 6, 7; thence towards Kansas City, Mo., opening there July 18.

G. H. GOODWIN advertises for sale a panorama of the life of Christ.

SCHENERMAN'S OPERA-HOUSE, Griffin, Ga., can be rented through the proprietor, whose card find elsewhere. It was built last year, with modern improvements, and will seat six hundred persons.

TOOTLE'S OPERA-HOUSE, St. Joseph, Mo., said to be one of the finest opera-houses in America, can be rented or secured on liberal sharing terms through Chas. H. Irving, agent, who advertises.

JOHN RUTH, cannon-ball performer, gives the particulars, in a card elsewhere, of a difficult and dangerous feat which he offers to perform nightly. He is open for an engagement for the Summer and Fall seasons.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Baltimore, Md., is approaching completion, and is expected to be ready for occupation about Dec. 1, 1874. It is situated on North Howard street, between Franklin and Monument. When the project was first discussed, its location did not fully meet the public demand; but at this late day, when this elegant and commodious structure is on the eve of completion, the press and public seem to regard the matter in a different light, and are half inclined to believe the project will be successful. On entering the new structure one is immediately impressed with its vast strength and durability. The lot on which the Academy is built is 120ft. wide by nearly 250ft. in depth. The building covers all this area with the exception of a 9ft. space reserved for alleyways on each side. The heating apparatus will be under the front portion of the building. A space will also be reserved as a kitchen for the use of the cafes, which will be erected on either side of the main entrance. Dumb-waiters will communicate with the large hall immediately above, and can be used on the occasion of balls and parties. The entrance to the building is through a vestibule 30ft. in width by 80 in length and 22 in height. Passing through the entrance hall we come to a flight of stairs 13ft. in width, and leading on each side to the dress circle of the Academy and to the large concert-room which occupies the whole of the front part of the second story. The lobby of the Academy is 13ft. in width, and surrounds the parquet circle and parquet, and gives access to the boxes, and to the stage approaches on each flank. From the curtain line to the extreme depth of the auditorium the space is 92ft. by 82 wide. The stage is 48ft. wide at the curtain, and 70 in depth from the curtain line. Behind the curtain the width is 80ft. At the sides of the stage six dressing-rooms are placed, and two scene docks for the storage of scenery. The curtain and other drops will be lifted without rolling or folding. The scenery will be of the best description, and will be from the pencil of Mr. Russell Smith. The machinery will be of the latest and most approved pattern. There will be eight stage boxes, with private access from either the house or the stage. Ladies' and gentlemen's parlor and cloak rooms are located near the entrance to the first lobby. The auditorium will contain, besides the parquet and parquet circle, two galleries. The first gallery, or dress circle, is divided into closed or draped boxes, open seats, and boxes divided only by a low railing. Immediately above the parquet is a domed ceiling, with a wide circle of skylight, sufficient to light up the house for day lectures or public meetings, and which can be obscured if required. The seating capacity of the main auditorium will be about two thousand. The concert-room before mentioned is a handsome hall, 89 by 62ft., independent of the galleries, which fall back and are very large, the under-earth portion being devoted to dressing-rooms. The entire building will be decorated in a handsome and imposing manner, and will prove a valuable ornament to the city. So wrote our correspondent on June 27.

JULIAN G. SMITH, advertising agent, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

JAMES K. ALLEN is engaged for a balloon ascension at Providence, R. I., July 4.

PROF. HERRMANN the magician, under the management of H. Shumann and C. H. Burroughs, is to perform this week at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I. T. A. Miner is manager.

SOL. SMITH RUSSELL and Alf. Burnett were making funny faces and doing all manner of droll things, with now and then a bit of genuine sentiment, at Kingsbury Hall, Chicago, Ill., during the past week, to fair-sized audiences.

THE NOLAN OPERA CHAIR, a diagram of which will be found on another page, is endorsed by the Youngstown, O., Opera-house Company as the best and most complete seating arrangement they know of. They have been used in the Opera-house nightly for over two months, and none are in the least damaged or broken.

CHARLES FORBES announces, through a card elsewhere, that he has just concluded a five years' engagement with the Martino Troupe, and he would like to hear from managers desiring to arrange with him for the occupation of their halls for six or twelve nights after Aug. 20, either on a sharing terms, for rent, or for a certainty. The company consists of Martino, illusionist; Gertie Florance, character artist, etc.; Arzena Armond, vocalist and pianist; and Louis E. Cook, change-artist. Several press notices, which speak favorably of their entertainment, and further particulars, will be found in our advertising department.

WALLY PRICE, who has just closed a long engagement with Healey & Cohan's Hibernians, is rusticating at Westport, Ct.

MARTINO the magician and troupe are to perform at Grand Rapids, Mich., July 6, 7.

ERMINA AND THE BRENNANS close their season at Auburn, N. Y., June 29.

ALF BURNETT closed his season at Chicago, Ill., June 25, and returned to his home in Cincinnati, O. He shortly sails for England, and will commence a series of entertainments at St. James' Hall, London, early in August.

ALF BURNETT, humorist, can be addressed as per card in another column.

DR. JOHN E. HEALEY has disposed of his interest in Healey & Cohan's Hibernians to his partner, Jerry Cohan.

THE ORT, magician, can be engaged through his agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

PROF. HERRMANN, magician, exhibited his skill at a private entertainment at Girard College, Philadelphia, on the afternoon of June 24, to the great delight of the students of that institution. Prof. Herrmann was afterwards presented with a very handsome gold medal by President Allen, and returned his thanks therefor in an appropriate speech.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, will be opened for the first time to the public on July 1, and will remain open daily thereafter from 10 A. M. to 7 P. M. The grounds have been handsomely laid out, and a large collection of animals and birds are already on exhibition.

PROF. PEDANTO made a balloon ascension from Smith's Island, opposite Philadelphia, on June 25.

THE WEEK ending July 4 is announced as the last at Baltimore of the exhibition of Dubuk's magnificent painting of "The Prodigal Son."

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL FESTIVAL of the Washington Schuetzen Verein commences June 29, and continues through the week. The following named professionals have been engaged to add to the attractions of the fest: The Kiralfy Sisters, Mlle. Lucia, the Orrin Brothers, the Praeger Family, and the Washington Pantomime Company.

FORD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Washington, D. C., was occupied June 24, 25, 26, by Donald McKay's band of Warm Spring Indians, sixteen in number. These Indians and their leader were prominent in the capture of Captain Jack and the Modoc tribe. The performances consisted of showing the manners and customs of the Indians, the principal feature being the grand scalp-dance. The attendance was not large.

HARRY WESTON, business agent, advertises for an engagement.

PETROLIA THEATRE, Petrolia, Pa., can be rented through Ben Hogan, who advertises. It is furnished with new scenery, and will seat one thousand.

THE INHABITANTS of Fort Concho, Texas, were entertained on June 16 by Professor Hardy the magician and ventriloquist. A correspondent, writing on the 20th, says: "He is with a party of explorers and prospectors. He had no idea of showing at this place, but as the party camped here it became known that the Professor was with them, so he was pursuaded to give an entertainment. The commanding officer had one of the barracks fitted up, and the show went off to the entire satisfaction of the officers and soldiers of this command, and handsomely increased the exchequer of the Professor. He was assisted by four of the gentlemen with him, who formed a vocal quartet that might do credit to some of your large cities in the East. The outstanding Professor Hardy had no apparatus, the exhibition far surpassed the expectations of his audience. The party left this morning for the Colorado River, and I believe are going towards Camp Colorado."

THE SOUTHERN DRAMATIC CLUB, assisted by Miss Amelia Waugh, late of the company at the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La., performed "Isabelle" and "Bowled Out" at that theatre, on June 22.....A Summer season by amateurs and some professionals who are passing the Summer there is announced to be commenced at the Globe Theatre under the management of Mr. Gomez.

THE ANNUAL REGATTA of the Fort Wayne, Ind., Conservatory came off June 22.

SEVERAL OF THE LEADING SINGERS of the different church choirs of Titusville, Pa., gave a concert June 20, which was a success, the hall being crowded. Mrs. D. P. Coombs and Mr. Will J. Rivers (late member of the Agnes Wallace troupe) deserve especial mention, being new accessories to musical ranks, and remarkably good; the former is a fine soprano, and the latter is a good basso.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

DRAMATIC AFFAIRS in the British metropolis were about at a standstill at the date of our most recent advices, June 13; for though the season was then at its height, but one novelty had been brought out, the managers of the several theatres contenting themselves with revivals of pieces which had in the past brought grist to their mill. The new piece alluded to, which was produced at the Britannia, June 8, is from the pen of C. H. Hazlewood, and is a "new and original" drama called "The Shadow on the Heart." The scene is laid outside the lodge where reside Harry Mitford and his wife, Lucy, in humble circumstances, but happy and contented in the service of the neighboring squire. We are not long in discovering that Lucy has a secret, for when she encounters Solomon Sawder, a traveling tinker, he addresses her as Lucy Whitlock, and recognizes in her the wife of his vagabondish associate Robin Whitlock, long supposed to be dead. She is speedily brought face to face with Robin, to whom she represents that she is in service, and he, of course, at once insists that she shall steal for him anything she can lay her hands on. Suddenly Mitford appeared upon the scene, and before the truth can come out the bewildered wife asserts that Robin is her brother, and bespeaks consideration and assistance for him. In her trouble she meditates flight, and takes counsel of her friend Dolly Dutton as to the disposal of her child while she goes upon what she describes as a visit only. When by chance Dolly meets Robin, the cat is let out of the bag, or, in other words, the returned convict—for such he is—learns that his Lucy is married to another, and subsequently threatens her to her face with a prosecution for bigamy. He is driven from the spot by the enraged Mitford, who has been a witness of the scene, and who is wellnigh frantic with despair. She then tells her story—the old, old story, of how she married Robin to save her father from ruin; how on the very day of the marriage Robin was arrested; how soon afterwards news reached her of his death; and how, seeking a different part of the country, she had been wooed and won by Mitford five years after Robin's supposed death. The said Robin now comes to take her before a magistrate himself, and asks her if she would take with her to jail her child. And then we begin to wonder why, under the circumstances, Lucy should stand in such dread of a prosecution for bigamy at all, and who has authorized Robin, more "tattered and torn" than the famous man of nursery lore remotely associated with the "House that Jack Built," to transform himself into an amateur policeman. But the *deus ex machina* turns up in the person of the Rev. Mr. Greville, who opportunely arrives just as Lucy is about to be dragged off to the court of justice. He "sees at a glance," as a certain famous comedian would say, what is the state of affairs, and he recognizes in Robin a man who some twelve years previously deserted his wife. It is now Robin's turn to fear prosecution for bigamy. His marriage with Lucy was, of course, null and void; and, as Harry Mitford is quite ready to forget and forgive her secrecy in the matter, we conclude as the curtain comes down that, as the story books have it, they will "live happy ever afterwards" at "Mount Blanc" had been superseded by "The Overland Route," at the Haymarket.....The "East Lynne" had been substituted for "Progress," at the St. James', and at the Vaudeville "The School for Scandal" had been restored to the programme.....Charles Mathews had appeared at the Gaiety in "Mr. Gadsbee's Holiday," and Married for Money.

IN A RECENT CASE before the Court of Appeal at Paris, France, the question arose whether a *chef de claque* was a trader, so as to be liable to the bankruptcy law. It appeared that a M. Goudchon was a contractor for dramatic success, and was attached in that capacity to several of Offenbach's pieces at the Bouffes, instruct, and direct a band of men who every night insured vigorous applause for the actors and the plays. Having been adjudicated bankrupt in his absence by the Tribunal of Commerce, he now applied to the Court to annul the adjudication on the ground that he was not a trader. His counsel contended that the *chef* could not in any sense be considered a trader. His payment by the managers of the theatres was only in free admissions, which he sold at a low rate to the *claqueurs*. His gains consisted chiefly in gratuities from actors and actresses who desired specially rapturous applause. Under these circumstances it was contended that he was an artist, and not a trader. The Court, however, declined to take this view, and confirmed the order of the Tribunal of Commerce.

CHARLES ABBOTT, the well-known clown and pantomimist, who has traveled through the States and Canadas, died of consumption at Cardiff, Wales, June 5, aged 32. He was engaged last Christmas at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, Eng., but was compelled to relinquish his duties before the run of the pantomime was completed.

MISS BLANCHE BERESFORD, actress, died at Edinburgh, Scotland, June 10, aged 20.

CIRCUSES.

WHILE MANDERS' MENAGERIE was exhibiting at Newport, Eng., June 8, a young man, who was inspecting the cage which contained the lions, seemed determined to make a closer acquaintance with the "king of the forest," and endeavored to push his arm through the bars, with the remark that "he had killed many wild lions, and he was not afraid of a tame one." He was, however, prevented by the keepers, who gave him a severe admonition. The foolhardy fellow, it appears, was not content, and, watching an opportunity, succeeded in thrusting his arm through. The lion immediately seized it with his paw, lacerating it in three places to the bone, and otherwise injuring it. The man's screams caused quite a sensation, and immediately a rumor arose that the lions had escaped. A stampede was the result, women and children getting severely crushed in their efforts to get out, but, happily, no one was much injured. Order was at length secured; but, as may be imagined, the exhibition was shorn of most of its attractions by the catastrophe. The lion which thus revenged itself is the same that caused the death of McCarthy, the great lion-tamer.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GOODRICH AND CURTIS, skaters, had arrived in London, Eng., on June 10, after fulfilling a highly successful engagement of four weeks at San Jague's Minstrel Hall, Liverpool. The newspapers spoke in the highest terms of their performances. They were at last advices negotiating a three months' engagement at the circus, Paris, France.

MOE the skater, formerly with Goodrich, is now performing at the circus in Berlin.

AMUSEMENTS.

WOOD'S MUSEUM.
BUFFALO BILL,
Two performances daily,
at 2 and 8P. M.
EVENING AT 8,
The renowned scout,
COL. W. F. CODY,
better known as
BUFFALO BILL,
in the new sensation Drama of
THE SCOUTS
OF THE
PLAINS.
AFTERNOON
AT 2,
production by request of the patriotic sensation Drama, entitled
THE BIRTHDAY OF FREEDOM;
or, the
DAYS OF 1776. 14-1t

NIBLO'S THEATRE.
Lessee.....C. R. THORNE, SR.
EVERY NIGHT DURING THE WEEK,
the
glorious success of the great and original play in five acts,
entitled
TWO SISTERS, TWO SISTERS, TWO SISTERS,
with its great cast and its scenery.
GRAND 4TH OF JULY MATINEE AT 2 O'CLOCK.
New piece of IVANHOE. 14-1t

BOWERY THEATRE.
W. H. FERGUSON.....MANAGER
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29
and 30, and JULY 1,
MISS KATE FISHER
and her highly-trained Equine
WONDER.
MAZEPPA, with all its BEAUTIFUL EFFECTS.
Return of Mlle. MARIES, who will appear in the
FLOATING BEACON. THE CARROLLS, in the McFadens; MISS MAGGIE WESTON, Change Vocalist; Mr. FRANK A GIBBONS, the Aerial King.
Thursday, July 2, the very popular drama of EAGLE EYE.
Friday Evening, July 3, Benefit of
MISS KATE FISHER.
THREE FAST MEN, BROTHERS BILL AND ME, AND
VARIETY.
SATURDAY, July 4, GRAND MATINEE at 2 o'clock,
and splendid evening bill. In preparation,
SUNBEAM. 14-1t

THE GREAT ROMAN
HIPPODROME. HIPPODROME
P. T. BARNUM.....Proprietor.
AMATEUR athletes. AMATEUR ATHLETES.
DAILY at 2 and 8 P. M. DAILY at 2 and 8 P. M.
WINDOWS ON ALL SIDES,
WITH
BEAUTIFUL CANVAS CANOPY,
ADMITTING
PERFECT VENTILATION THROUGH THE
VAST STRUCTURE.
HURDLE, FLAT AND JOCKEY RACES,
which are introduced
FORTY THOROUGHBRED RACERS
that have won renown upon the English turf. Of these brilliant contests in speed *The Herald* of June 27, says:
"The Hippodrome invites the public to witness the steeple chases, where gentle women and noble horses risk life and limb for the amusement of the giddy crowd." "It is the favorite sport of men in the prime of life, full of vigor and daring. It demands courage, skill and powerful horses, and, above all, it demands a fair field with plenty of room."
The grand
AMATEUR ATHLETIC CONTESTS,
in addition to the regular programme, are witnessed, afternoon and evening, by the most
BRILLIANT AUDIENCES
ever assembled in America.
GRAND CONGRESS OF NATIONS.
A Spectacular Pageant, alone costing $50,000.
MLLE. VICTORIA,
QUEEN OF THE LOFTY WIRE,
at each exhibition using a wire stretched the length of the Amphitheatre.
ROMAN CHARIOT RACE.
ROMAN SADDLING RACE.
ELEPHANT, CAMEL, PONY
AND MONKEY RACES,
all given in full both Afternoon and Evening.
WORLD-RENOWNED MENAGERIE.
Open at 1:30 and 7 P. M. Grand procession moves at 2:30 and 8 o'clock.
BOX OFFICE OPEN THREE DAYS IN ADVANCE. 14-1t

PARK THEATRE,
BROADWAY AND 22D STREET.
OPENING NIGHT WEDNESDAY, JULY 1.
MORTIMER BROS.
ENGLISH ILLUSIONISTS.
EVERY EVENING AND WEDNESDAY AND
SATURDAY MATINEES.
Chairs $1, 50 cents, and 25 cents.
No extra charge for reserved seats.
Box office now open. 14-1t

NOTICE TO MANAGERS.

I would respectfully guard managers and others against engaging any optical effects or illusions on the understanding of being in any way connected with the COLOSSEUM or with my name. The effects produced at this establishment are entirely protected by law, patent or otherwise, and any license or permission to use the same must first be obtained, otherwise it may be considered a fraud on the public.

The "CHERUBS FLOATING IN THE AIR" I originated at the Polytechnic, London, in 1865, and it has not yet been produced as an OPTICAL ILLUSION in this country, several attempts having been made, resulting in failure. I intend shortly to produce this effect, which earned the highest encomiums from the London press and public, at the

COLOSSEUM!

Meanwhile I shall take all legitimate measures to guard against infringement of my rights.

ALL ENTERTAINMENTS PRODUCED AT THE COLOSSEUM ARE COPYRIGHTED, AND THE APPARATUS EMPLOYED PATENTED.

THOMAS WM. TOBIN,
Manager Colosseum. 14-1t

WANTED

by a young man of good social standing, a position in a located company, where he can learn the business and make himself generally useful. *First-class references furnished if desired.* Address P. S. MILLER,
Care of F. Twing,
455 Canal street, New York City. 14-1t*

THE COLOSSEUM,
Broadway and Thirty-fifth street. Two performances daily, at 1 and 7.
LONDON BY NIGHT.
THE GREAT MIDNIGHT THUNDER STORM.
PROFESSOR TOBIN'S LECTURES.
Admission, $1. No extras.
EXTRA MATINEE AT 10 O'CLOCK
and special programme on
JULY 4. 14-1t

FOR SALE.
A NEGRO DRAMA,
in 3 acts, with prologue and tableaux.
WILL PLAY ABOUT TWO HOURS.
Has been examined by the profession and pronounced O. K.
Will sell the manuscript, with all rights, or will sell to a responsible party on commission.
Address S. J. B., care J. E. HARTZELL,
14-2t* 31 Sixth street, Pittsburg, Pa.

TO MANAGERS.—WANTED, AN engagement for the season with a reliable troupe of any kind. Do banjo and song-and-dance. Have original acts and play brass. Temperate and gentlemanly. Address RELIABLE, Station A, Boston, Mass. 14-1t*

UND DONT YOU FORGET IT,
HARRY AND LEONIE,
THE DUTCH
COMEDIENNE,
ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Can be engaged after Aug. 2. 14-1t*

FRED. FELTON,
LEADING MAN
and
STAGE-MANAGER.
Address all communications Barry, Ill.
Open to negotiate for next season.
14-1t* FRED. FELTON.

FRED. S. STANLEY,
Late of Col. Jas. Fisk's Grand Opera-house, N. Y., is at liberty and can be engaged for Tympanum, Snare Drums, Bells, Wood and Straw Harmonikan, etc., etc.
Musical directors please address care
JOHN L. SANFORD,
9 AMITY STREET, N. Y.

HENRI BRAYTON,
TENOR BALLADIST, AND MONS. EMILE DE LARGI (the great European Solo Flautist) desire an engagement to travel for a long or short period, together or separately. Henri Brayton possesses a fine powerful tenor voice, and has met with great success both in this country and in Europe. Mons. De Largi has recently arrived in America, and confidently recommends himself to the notice of responsible Variety and other managers. For terms (which are moderate) apply to their agent, JOHN L. SANFORD, 9 Amity street, New York. At liberty after July 15. 14-1t*

AN AUTHORESS,
in urgent need of immediate funds, will sell manuscript of an unpublished novel to any lady or gentleman desiring literary fame, purchaser assuming authorship and profits. Will dramatize when published. Address EMERGENCY, care of CLIPPER Office. 14-1t*

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Miss Jennie Morton, supported by the Capitol Theatre Company of Albany, opened 18th, in "Idlewild," in which she assumed five characters with marked ability. She is a dashing and talented little actress, and received richly deserved applause.—Amsterdam correspondent of THE N. Y. MERCURY, May 20.
Miss Jennie Morton, a pretty and vivacious little actress, appeared at the hall last evening, supported by the Albany Capitol Theatre Company, in her great sensational drama entitled "Idlewild." The play is a good one, abounding in thrilling and startling situations. Miss Morton as the Waif, the Butcher Boy, the Dutch Girl, the Irish Lad and Heiress, did full justice to her several characters, and her songs-and-dances were beautifully rendered. She is a most beautiful lady, and the finest dresser we ever saw.—SCHENECTADY UNION, May 16.
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